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## The Week

THE serious opposition in the Senate to the endorsement of the work of the Washington Conference concentrated on the Four Power Treaty. It looked for a while as if its opponents would defeat it; but they failed and the ratification of the other treaties will follow as a matter of course. There is much to be thankful for in this result. Under the circumstances the failure to ratify the Four Power Treaty would look to foreign observers as proof of the inability of the American government to enter into the most unobjectionable of international engagements. This particular engagement was not as unobjectionable as many of its supporters here and abroad proclaimed, but its advantages far outweighed its defects. The discussion of its advisability both inside and outside of the Senate strengthened its standing in American public opinion. The opposition to its ratification never gathered any popular support except among the professional anti-English, anti-foreign faction. President Harding and Secretary Hughes deserve the thanks of their fellow countrymen for demonstrating that the American government as a whole can make peace as well as war.

AS the narrow margin by which the ratification took place indicates, an equally unobjectionable treaty might have failed in the Senate, if the President had not adopted so many precautions to assure success. Undoubtedly the wisest precaution of all was the appointment of Senator Underwood to be one of the American delegates to the Conference. As a consequence of his appointment Mr. Underwood was committed to an endorsement of its work, and he was able to carry enough Democrats with him to secure for ratification the needed two-thirds majority. If the administration had not taken Senator Underwood into its counsels, the Democrats would almost certainly have united in opposition and would have barred ratification. The leading politicians in the Democratic party did not play a creditable part in their behavior towards the Treaty. In so far as the party sincerely and intelligently favored the League of Nations, it could not consistently oppose the Four Power Treaty, and the opposition to ratification was dictated by considerations of supposedly party benefit. This statement was not true, however, of the qualified opposition of such Democratic leaders as Mr. Norman Davis and such Democratic newspapers as the New York World. They criticized the Treaty for its one genuine and serious defect, which was its non-recognition of the right of China and Siberia to be consulted as equals. Their emphasis of that defect may have the constructive effect of at least helping to protect the dictators of American foreign policy in the future from shutting their eyes to the inexpediency and injustice of omitting Siberia and China from the counsels of the Far East.

HOW much real progress toward sanity do the latest proposals of the Reparations Commission represent? Very little, if any. There can be no


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profitable choice between impossibilities. The demands of the London ultimatum are arithmetically more extravagant, but the present demands of the Reparations Commission are still beyond Germany's capacity to pay, and are therefore just as effective an obstacle to European recovery as more severe terms would be. It does not greatly matter how the schedule of payments is arranged when the total to be paid in the year remains as high as 720,000,000 gold marks in cash and 1,450,000,000 gold marks in goods. Such payments can be made only if Germany can maintain an export surplus of over $500,000,000, or can raise a foreign loan, with or without the hypothecation of her industries. So large a surplus of exports is out of the question, and as to a foreign loan, what investor would be so foolish as to lend money to a country whose assets are covered by a prior lien large enough to absorb all probable revenue? If the indemnity total were cut back to ten billion dollars, as it should be, foreign investors might be willing to take a chance on Germany's ability to pay interest on a loan applied to reconstruction. But the total indemnity remains exactly what it was under the London ultimatum, except that the absurd item of twenty-six percent on German exports has apparently been dropped.

A FAIR index of the presumptive effects of the new reparations proposal is to be found in the price of marks. If the so-called moratorium actually gave any promise of German recovery the mark might be expected to rise. It has, however, fallen to the lowest point in history, slightly below three mills. It would appear that the Germans are beginning to despair of any sort of order in their currency system, and are frantically disposing of their marks for whatever they can get. Whatever vestiges of a gold reserve Germany still has are pretty certain to be taken by the Allies in the next few months. Exactly what effect that will have on the value of the mark is unpredictable, since the only relation of the reserve to the currency is psychological. But it is quite possible that the mark will become wholly worthless and we shall have a chance to study the spectacle of a great industrial state thrust back into a barter economy.

REPARATION officials themselves can hardly cherish the illusion that the Wirth government or any other that might be substituted for it would accept the new indemnity plan. If there were any real concession in the plan it is conceivable that a ministry might be formed that dared to propose to the Reichstag taxes and loans dictated by the conquerors. Nothing, however, is conceded to Germany. The German government is offered several new methods for squeezing money out of the German people for the benefit of the conquerors. If the Allied governments knew of any German statesman who would try harder than Dr. Wirth to meet the Allied claims, there might be some reason in seeking to force him out of office by such a humiliating proposal. They do not know of any such statesman, however. The new plan is like all the old ones, a paper plan, capable of serving a transitory political purpose and also capable of doing serious and lasting injury.

ARMENIA is so puzzling a problem that the Entente foreign ministers meeting in Paris have given it up. They have handed the Armenians over to the League of Nations with a recommendation that the League settle the matter in accord with Armenian national aspirations. It must be that there is no further profit to France and England in playing with the lives and fortunes of the Armenians. The League, to be sure, is impotent to defend the remnant of this unhappy people against the Turks. But at all events, the League will not stir the Armenians to resist the Turks and then abandon them to massacre when some larger policy is to be subserved, as the French did in Cilicia. When Armenians contemplate the part western diplomacy has played in the destruction of their people, they must, we imagine, hold the Turks in higher esteem. The Turk proved an inhuman monster, but no one expected anything else of him. The Armenians did expect something better of England and France than deliberate betrayal.

AMONG all the American newspapers there is none whose editorial policy is more immaculately and consistently conservative than that of the Philadelphia Public Ledger. It is astounding, consequently, to discover in that journal an editorial which regards with complacency, if not with approval, an agitation for the nationalization of the coal industry. In commenting on a pamphlet in favor of nationalization issued by District No. 2 of the Miners Union, it describes the pamphlet as setting forth "in detail the wastes that attend the mining of coal, economic and human," and as quoting government authorities to prove the "vast magnitude of these wastes in dollars and cents, the greater part of which is due to the unorganized condition of the business, the ability of the operators to cover the wastes in price fixing, the lack of any widespread adoption of modern mining

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methods for conservation of the product, the wasteful hauling of coal unnecessary distances and the like. . . . It is the contention of the miners that these wastes could be saved by the proper organization of the business, an organization impossible under the competitive system." "This," says the Ledger, "will seem a radical view to many, but the consumer is beginning to despair of any remedy short of radical ones, and this deliberate propaganda from the Pennsylvania bituminous coal field is not of a sort that can be swept aside unceremoniously. It is going to receive serious attention in quarters where the thought of nationalization would have been anathematized not so very long ago." Is the Ledger itself a "quarter" which proposes hereafter to give "serious attention" to nationalization?

MR. A. J. SACK of the so-called Russian Information Bureau is naturally eloquent in support of the Hughes policy toward Russia. By this policy, seconded by the policy of famine relief, "America is succeeding in securing the goodwill of the Russian people." "It seems that of all the nations America alone treats Russia as a former Ally whose misfortunes are due to her enormous sacrifices for the common cause, and only America understands that a nation passing through a revolution should be treated with sympathy and consideration for its rights." These are nice words, and should be reassuring to those Americans who have supposed that in invading Russian soil and shooting Russians without even a declaration of war, and in taking the lead in the policy of blockading Russia and cutting off the supply of medicines and anaesthetics along with other necessities we might have aroused resentment. They take it for sympathy and consideration for their rights, these amiable, big hearted Russians, instead of for what it was, a disgraceful panic over the danger of infection with Bolshevism. But perhaps the Russians inside the blockade lines do not feel so pleasantly towards us as Mr. Sack does, well cared for here in America. Perhaps they incline more to the view of Dr. Beneš, Czecho-Slovakian premier, who really knows the Russian situation as Hughes and Hoover do not. If we had "opened wide and permanently the door into Russia two years ago, even one year ago, think what suffering we would have spared the Russian people." That is to charge us with part of the responsibility for the distress which we are so generously trying to relieve. It is more than likely that this view of our rôle will prevail in Russia, unless Mr. Sack hastens to Moscow to disseminate some real "Russian information."

IN their preoccupation with the attitude of the French and the British towards the presentation of the bill by the American government for the expense of keeping an American army on the Rhine, the American newspapers have neglected to consider the way in which the people who pay the bill may regard its size. The sum of $240,000,000 does not look formidable to a government which has raised about $5,000,000,000 a year in taxation, but it must look terrific and portentous to a people who are at present failing to collect by means of taxes the equivalent of $240,000,000 in paper marks. The difference in price levels between the two countries makes it impossibly expensive for Germany to meet a bill of this amount outside of its borders. It is only one more illustration of the way in which the victors in the war have consumed the resources of the vanquished peoples by the expensive machinery which they set up to collect the indemnities. According to figures recently disclosed during a debate in the British House of Lords, it cost Vienna 7,500,000 kronen to pay the expenses of a commission which ascertained what everybody knew—that Austria could not pay an indemnity. "A British private," says the London Nation, "attached to the military commission in Hungary, receives each month the whole annual salary of the Hungarian premier. Four full admirals (with suites to match) are sent to disarm four obsolete river patrol boats. An allied typist in Bulgaria receives two and one half times the salary of a Bulgarian cabinet minister. The Military Commission in Budapest costs more than the whole Hungarian army." But the worst case of all is the occupation of the Rhineland, which eats up every dollar which the Germans can pay abroad and still leaves a deficit. The American army should have evacuated it over a year ago.

EAST is East and West is West; but it is not so clear to us as it was to Kipling that never the twain may meet. They do meet, in the industrial realm; witness the strike of the seamen on the China coast, called on January 1st. Like their western brothers, the Chinese seamen are feeling the weight of post war costs of living. The Seamen's Union in Hong Kong and Canton are demanding a 40 percent increase for all hands receiving less than $7 a month; 30 percent for those who receive between $7 and $13; and 20 percent for those who receive more than $13. The British authorities at Hong Kong have resorted to ruthlessness to break the strike, and the shipping companies are importing strike breakers from Shanghai and other Yangtse ports. A lot of other

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workers in Hong Kong are striking in sympathy. All this we learn from the Chinese Seamen's Institute in New York, not from the press. For the press dispatches from Hong Kong are apparently censored, as from any Occidental area where a strike is in progress.

LLOYD GEORGE is so little impressed by Mr. Hughes' economic doctrines that he is disposed to treat the admission of Soviet Russia to the European family of nations as the chief object to be attained at Genoa. He will have the backing of Italy and Czecho-Slovakia. Nor is it at all improbable that Poland and Rumania would welcome an opportunity to settle their eastern boundaries by a formal agreement, as they can do only if the Soviet government is recognized. France alone of the nations represented at Genoa is likely to oppose recognition, and French opposition will disappear if the Soviet government recognizes the old Russian debts to France. The statesmen of central and western Europe do not like Bolshevism any better than the Harding administration does. But they no longer think that the danger of Bolshevist propaganda is serious enough to warrant them in rejecting opportunities for gaining special advantages in Russian trade.

## The Conditions of Success at Genoa

THE idea of the Genoa Conference, as it originally occurred to Lloyd George, was all to the good. Europe as a whole presented the spectacle of a mad animal which was trying to satisfy its hunger by devouring its own flesh. Its restoration to its old preeminence, perhaps even its survival as a progressive influence in modern civilization, was coming to depend upon its unification—upon the creation of an understanding among its governments and peoples which would enable them, if not to help and strengthen one another, at least to let one another live. There was only one way of approaching the goal of unifying these discordant peoples and governments. They must all, Germany and Russia included, send representatives to a conference which would frankly and comprehensively discuss as equals the conditions of European unity and the obstacles to it. Such was the sound germinal idea of the Genoa Conference.

Mr. Lloyd George had also devised a program of the proceedings of the Conference which would have started it off in a promising direction. If the European peoples and nations are to substitute mutual toleration, respect and concord for their present cannibalism, they must begin by modifying their existing conduct in at least two respects. They must cease to spend their substance on armaments and they must break down many of the existing barriers to economic intercourse. Their armies are at present both the weapons and the symbols of their fratricidal conflict. Unless they are willing to reduce the number of their soldiers to the requirements of a domestic police force, violence and fear will continue to possess Europe and it will be absurd to plan for unification. What, consequently, Mr. Lloyd George wished to elicit from the Genoa Conference was a general and a fundamental political agreement on which he could subsequently build detailed projects of disarmament and of economic cooperation. This lesson at Washington had taught him just how this political agreement was to be obtained. It was by means of a treaty which would accomplish the same result for the European nations, separated only by land frontiers from one another, that the Four Power Treaty did for the Pacific peoples. They were to promise not to disturb or challenge existing boundaries for a period of ten or fifteen years. They were in effect to give and take a joint guarantee of the territorial status. The guarantee would not last forever, but while it lasted the peoples would feel secure against military aggression and could diminish their present ruinous expenditure on armies.

The analysis upon which this program was based is, we believe, essentially sound. The boundaries, as they are arranged under the Treaty of Versailles and St. Germain, are unprincipled and unjust. In the long run Europe will in all probability remain uneasy until they are rectified. But there they are. They cannot be rectified without war, and if it is to survive Europe must avoid war at any cost. But if the boundaries cannot be changed except by war, if at at the same time their violation of the national principle upon which they are based tends to make them a provocation to war, yet if war is out of the question, there remains only one way of reaching a fundamental political agreement. All the European peoples must voluntarily accept and guarantee a territorial distribution which for the present they cannot afford to question. The territorial settlement written in the Treaties of Versailles and St. Germain must, until further notice, be exempted from the hazards of international controversy. Russia, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria, much as they have

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suffered from the post war treaties, may nevertheless reasonably be required to guarantee for a definite number of years the sacredness of their teritorial provisions.

It is a great deal to ask of Russia, Germany and the others to sanction a territorial settlement which was reached without consulting them and which violated in order to do harm to them the principles on which its authors pretend to base it. Nevertheless they will consent, there is every reason to believe, provided as a consequence of their consent they will purchase general disarmament and effective cooperation. They are the nations which, if the present cannibalism continues, will be devoured first and whose existence itself depends upon the substitution of a policy of cooperation for that of mutual destruction. In spite, consequently, of the extent to which the territorial settlement of the treaties discriminates against them, Mr. Lloyd George was, in our opinion, probably justified in expecting them to agree to the signature of a self-denying territorial ordinance which would enormously increase the sense of security in Europe. It would increase particularly the sense of security of the new nations to the east and southeast of Germany whose lands are derived from those of former military empires and who associate their national existence with the preservation intact of the existing territorial settlement. If these newer nations are convinced that a reconstructed Russia and Germany will not challenge by force their right to their present boundaries, they will feel very much more like disarming and like entering into economic partnerships with their neighbors.

Up to this point Mr. Lloyd George, in our opinion, was working on a constructive and statesmanlike program, but at this point he seems to have missed his step and stumbled badly. Germany and Russia have every reason to accept a political truce but only on specified conditions. They must have some assurance that by so doing they themselves would also obtain a guarantee against attack and a fair opportunity of economic recovery. But he is not offering to them these conditions. At the command of France he is asking them to sign a political truce for which they assume the responsibility, but from which they do not reap any benefit. They are readmitted into the counsels of Europe provided they not only endorse all the acts of their enemies during their absence, but also consent to their own continued subjugation. Such, as it seems to us, is the inevitable effect of the agreement which Mr. Lloyd George reached at first with M. Briand and then with M. Poincaré to exclude from the agenda of the Conference any questions about the terms of the Treaty of Versailles and its reparation clauses. Under this agreement the occupation of the Rhine provinces will continue indefinitely. France will persist in terrifying the German nation by threats of invasion; and in so far as economic recovery takes place in Germany, the German people will not have a chance to enjoy its fruits. It is absurd to speak of such a prospect as the substitution of unification for fratricidal conflict in Europe. If the Genoa Conference is pledged to maintain the Treaty of Versailles in all its provisions, it would merely set up an additional sanction for the cannibalism which it was supposed to cure.

Mr. Lloyd George is, we feel sure, passionately interested in the campaign on which he has started to bring some kind of political and economic concord to Europe. In fastening on the method of general conferences he has, we repeat, selected the one method which has any chance of leading him to his goal. But he is not as yet willing to trust himself to the exigencies of his own method. A conference is a clumsy but essentially democratic political expedient to reach necessary agreements and adjustments among nations by consent. To give vitality to the method the conferees must start by renouncing a final appeal to violence.

Now the Treaty of Versailles was the child of violence and hatred. Its sanction was violence and its object was destruction. Its marriage with violence is the manifest cause of the distracted condition of Europe. It is a glaring demonstration of the iniquity of violence as the chief instrument of political policy and also in certain respects of the tendency of violence to destroy its perpetrators as well as its victims. Until Mr. Lloyd George is ready to repudiate the economic clauses of the Treaty and what the French call its sanctions, he cannot make any headway in restoring and unifying Europe. Disarmament and economic cooperation among the European nations is impossible as long as the provisions with respect to reparations and "sanctions" continue to have the authority of law. The French army which sets the pace for European expenditure on armaments is designed primarily to collect an indemnity which Germany cannot pay and which it is unjust to extort from her. It is designed secondarily, if it fails to collect the indemnity, to enforce political and economic penalties on the German people which will prevent them from ever counting again as one of the leading political and economic powers in Europe.

Professor Gustave Cassel of the University of

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Stockholm is a thousand times right in appealing, as he recently did, to the neutrals of Europe to unite in a demand for a change "in the policy of force which has prevailed since the end of the war." He declares emphatically and unequivocally that military oppression must come to an end before Mr. Lloyd George or any other statesman can make progress towards economic and social reconstruction. The Genoa Conference is a pretentious subterfuge unless it can at least begin to substitute consent for force as the instrument of European international government. From the German point of view it is a sorry and a sinister joke to call a conference which is supposed to restore Germany to the "comity of nations" while at the same moment the Reparations Commission is practically substituting itself for the German government and imposing terms upon the Germans which if accepted would mean permanent subjugation. Mr. Lloyd George must choose. He must either abandon his plan to unify Europe by building by means of conference a structure of economic cooperation on a foundation of political agreement or else he must definitely and finally repudiate the reparations clauses of the Treaty of Versailles and the threats of violence from which they obtain their sanction.

That it is a difficult and dangerous choice to make we very well realize. The repudiation of the reparation clauses of the Treaty and the demand upon France that she evacuate the Rhine provinces and renounce the right to invade Germany, whenever the German government fails to live up to any one of twenty impossible requirements, will involve the risk of a rupture with the existing French government. Neither Lloyd George nor any other British statesman could afford to assume that risk unless he was able to divide France from her continental allies, particularly from the so-called "Little Entente." An isolated France would not dare to travel very far along the road of unjust violence. It would be too dangerous. But in so far as France is supported and encouraged by Poland and the Little Entente she could afford at least for a while to ignore the displeasure of Great Britain, the European neutrals and the United States. In order, consequently, to push aside the obstacle which France raises to the creation of government by consent in Europe Mr. Lloyd George must first convince the statesmen of the Little Entente of the salutary nature of his program. If he can soothe their apprehensions about the future security of their own territory he may succeed. Suffering as they are from the existing demoralization, they will then have every interest in reducing their own armaments and in seeking the economic restoration of Europe. They may even join the British government in giving vitality to the conception of a European concert by pressing upon France the abandonment of a policy which, because it rests on violence, renders fruitful conference and consent impossible and demands an irresistible army as its executive agent.

## The Failure of Coal Facts

WHAT is the matter with coal? In the words of Senator Kenyon—"The coal operator feels that the coal is his and that the government has nothing to do with it or the public either." The suggestion is made by operators that coal be let alone—let alone by the government and by the public. Gladly we would leave it alone, but coal does not leave us alone. Its ills ripple out over the nation, and a maladjustment in a feudal county in West Virginia registers in factories from the seaboard to the prairies. Testifying on coal, George Otis Smith, Director of the Geological Survey, described how uneasy he felt to "leave that simple law of supply and demand out overnight to be influenced and handled by selfish interests." To a Senate Committee, Mr. Smith said:

> The coal industry had their opportunity before a special subcommittee of the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate to state their case and to cooperate in getting remedial legislation. . . . The Committee at the start declared itself as wishing to cooperate with the coal industry, and the coal industry, as I watched those hearings, did not respond to the occasion. They acted unwisely. . . . I think they are really summoned at the bar of public opinion, and public opinion is getting more and more against them because they are not meeting the situation wisely.

Soft coal is industrial power and domestic comfort. But this life-giving utility is, in the words of C. E. Lesher, editor of the Coal Age, "as unorganized as the retail grocery business." It is "one of the worst functioning industries in the United States," says Mr. Hoover. Already enough facts are known to condemn the present mismanagement, but there are not enough facts for forcing a reorganization. And the reason lies in human behavior. The public has refused to take action, though a series of Senate investigations have poured out details of waste, profiteering, overdevelopment and shortages. Rather than back a bill or think out a plan, we prefer to be the spectators and victims of chronic muddle and recurring strikes. In the phrase of a notorious

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Athenian, we, the public, are a noble but sleeping steed that needs a gadfly. Why have the facts failed to arouse us? We suggest three reasons.

1. No clear compact summary of the welter of research, leading to action, has been given. Thousands of pages and millions of words await a strong hand to shape them. As a Trenton manufacturer wrote to Senator Calder, "Congressional records while furnishing some relief are rather a poor substitute for coal."

2. Lively dramatic facts, which sting the public to angry attention, have not been forced out at the hearings. The journey of soft coal from the mine head at a price of around $3.50 a ton to the consumer at a price of $9, and $11, a ton has not been traced, with each layer of new charges recorded. A picture of that veiled but triumphant progress would then be added in the public mind to the picture which it carries of a "wicked union."

3. Many facts remain unknown. The Senators in four years of cross-examination failed to ask the searching questions which would have let out the pus. A sharpened mind is needed. This failure of the political intelligence to extract decisive facts will have to be met by the use of experts. The success of the Sankey Commission in revealing the chaos of coal rested in the mental power of such men as Redmayne and Webb. In next week's issue we shall detail some of the essential and as yet undisclosed facts. We further suggest that enough of the needed information was not pried loose at the hearings, simply because no group in our country was sufficiently interested to ask questions.

If we, the public, are too inert ourselves to press for the facts, we must have a deputy. Our need lies in discovering some interested group in the community who will demand publicity on coal, for it has been abundantly proved that we can not get coal without getting the facts.

This implies two things.

A government commission to find the facts.

Growing out of it, a permanent governmental fact-finding agency. (This means an extension of the powers of the existent government agencies—such as the Geological Survey and the Federal Trade Commission).

Will the operators help us by such a bit of public service? Of the operators organized in the National Coal Association, Senator Frelinghuysen has said that they "will agree to nothing which places any obstacle in the way of unrestricted exploitation of the fuel-consuming public. . . . I am disposed to believe they have never been sincere and have never told the truth regarding the operators' profits."

We believe such a group may come into existence among the miners—a group desirous of a well-ordered industry, where work is regular and the supply of coal steady. If the miners are to act in this public capacity of pressing for the facts, it means their turning from factional fights, the ruthless use of their economic power, and the dogmatic assertion of claims. It means letting facts govern the decision of disputes.

The mere assertion of group power is beginning to lose its persuasive charm over the community. There is a sleeping strength in the public, even when it refuses creative effort. Buyers, consumers, you and I, when finally aroused, can exercise a slow, passive, deadly pressure, which will flatten any single group. The fighting of the future will be done on the basis of facts. We venture to predict that the first group accepting and practicing this—whether miners or owners—will receive a backing from the very public that refused to take the leadership.

## Crusading for the Bonus

TO Americans of the future who may bring to the study of the events of today the detachment and the perspective of history, the successful or the unsuccessful attempt of this Congress to legislate about the bonus will be as difficult as it is necessary to understand. What will make it difficult to understand are the persuasive reasons and the powerful influences which counted in opposition to the proposed legislation without preventing it. The reasons and forces which are arrayed against it seem irresistible. Yet a large majority of the House of Representatives have enthusiastically disregarded them, and probably a smaller majority of the Senate will follow suit. In spite of his frank and vehement opposition it is at least doubtful whether the President will veto the bill, as it ultimately passes. What is the explanation of the ability of the bonus advocates to overcome the prodigious obstacles to their plan?

Consider for a moment the source, the power and the persuasiveness of the reasons which opponents of the bonus can marshal. The American people have recently waged a war which has plunged them in debt for the sum of almost $30,000,000,000. Their increased indebtedness has brought with it staggering financial problems and ominous social conflicts which strain to the utmost the moral cohesion of the country and its ability to meet its obligations. It will, during the next

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few years, have to provide for billions of dollars of accruing debts which it cannot pay and which it cannot renew on favorable terms unless it husbands all its resources. The present administration assumed office pledged to severe economy. The nation was and still is groaning under the weight of taxation. It is enduring a period of business depression which impairs the standard of living and the economic status of millions of farmers and wage-earners. The majority of Americans attribute their privations at least in part to the burden of taxation and to the consequences of necessary deflation; and they are told that the bonus will mean in the end either heavier taxes or more inflation to be subsequently succeeded by more deflation. The desire to decrease taxation has recently pursuaded the class of Americans who had favored national armament to abandon the program of naval construction and to scrap many existing ships in order to save at the outside $200,000,000 a year. There appears to be an overwhelming accumulation of popular sentiment and public policy against any proposal which will increase the liabilities and impair the credit of the government.

Yet the ex-soldiers are now demanding what they call readjusted compensation for their period of service. The proposed bonus will add some billions of dollars to the liabilities of the government, part of which will have to be paid out of the taxation within a few years but most of which will not accrue as a demand for cash until the expiration of twenty years. The economic effect of yielding to this demand is clear and certain. The increase in the government's liabilities will not only intensify the economic privations and disabilities with which the American people are so much concerned, but it will seriously embarrass the government in dealing with its existing burdens. At a time of general depression and financial embarrassment it donates economic resources which, if employed upon public works, would restore business activity and some measure of general prosperity, to one class in the community irrespective of whether its members need assistance or not. Like all gratuities it will do many of its recipients more harm than good. They will treat the money as a windfall and it will tempt them to repeat the demand and to consider themselves entitled to more or less of a living at the expense of the public.

Many of them have a grievance. There were, during the war, in and out of the army, a multitude of American citizens who served their country well and who were poorly paid for their services. There were also many American citizens who served their country ill or not at all and who took advantage of the war to enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow countrymen. But the government made an honest, if not a very intelligent, attempt to prevent this kind of injustice. There is no way of adequately compensating men who offer or are asked to risk their lives at the bidding of their country, but if a government ever treated its soldiers liberally and spared no expense to provide for their needs, the American government did during the war. It also attempted to prevent profiteering and where it occurred to take away in taxes a large part of the fruits. It did not succeed very well, but the job was in some measure impossible of achievement. The motive power of American economic production derives so largely from profits that if the government had gone much further in restricting the profiteering which is so often indistinguishable from profit-making, it might well have impaired the volume of military supplies needed by the army. When the fighting was over the government neglected to safeguard the interests of the discharged soldier, but it also neglected to safeguard the economic interests of the wage-earners who had served it faithfully and intelligently in civilian capacities. There would have been much justification for an attempt to relieve the post-war privation of all ex-soldiers, but there is no justification for paying the soldiers a gratuity irrespective of need out of the public treasury, particularly when there are so many other Americans who are suffering from want.

If the arguments against the bonus, as a matter of political, financial and social expediency, are so formidable and the arguments in its favor apparently so infirm, why is the plan likely to be adopted by an overwhelming majority of both parties in the House of Representatives? Why is it so much more powerful politically than it is persuasive as a matter of public policy? The reason which is ordinarily given correctly accounts for part of this discrepancy. In every doubtful congressional district the returned soldiers are numerous enough to defeat an anti-bonus candidate either in the primaries or at the polls. They form one of those insistent minorities which under prevailing conditions decide the issue of elections. The voters who are opposed to the bonus will not necessarily support the Congressman who voted against it or knife the Congressman who voted for it, but the voters who are in favor of it will compensate for any inferiority in numbers by more effective unity of political action. The congressional candidate will fear the bonus-advocate just as he formerly feared the cohorts of the Anti-Saloon League. The people whom he fears he obeys.

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There is, as we have said, a great deal in this explanation. It accounts for many congressional votes in favor of the bonus and it accounts for the greater strength of the bonus bill in the House than in the Senate. But it does not account for all the votes, and it certainly does not account for the approval of the bill or the lack of opposition to it which characterizes the attitude of so many comparatively public-spirited members of Congress.

The fact is, of course, that the bonus is less unpopular with the American people than it is with the articulate public opinion of the country. Articulate public opinion is expressed through the newspapers, which are published chiefly in the cities and which usually reflect the opinions of American business. Business men of importance are opposed to the bonus. They understand better than farmers and wage-earners what the consequences will be of increasing the nation's liabilities by so many billion dollars. But particularly in the rural districts and the small towns the ordinary voter is usually not opposed. He has more imagination about the needs of his relatives and friends who entered the service and did not earn or save as much as they might have earned as if they had not entered, than he has of the predicament of American finance or the economic tribulations of the country. The men who were asked to risk their lives for the Republic are in his opinion entitled to privileged treatment. The arguments against the bonus seem to him the expression of a niggardly spirit. He conceives the American Republic as a society of small property-owners, occupied primarily in improving their economic position. If they abandon their occupations, sacrifice unusual opportunities for making money and risk the good things of life at the call of their country, their country should compensate them for their losses. It should divide up with them some of the profits which if they had not gone they might have made.

The most significant aspect of the agitation for the bonus is not so much the discrepancy between its strength as a matter of politics and its merits or its deserts as its almost pathetic association of serving the country with increasing one's property. During the war the prevailing propaganda depicted the American soldier as a crusader who was risking his life on behalf of a sacred cause. Now he is depicted as a trader who is outraged because some of his fellow countrymen who did not enlist fared better than he did. Both sketches are drawn for a purpose and are partly false, but both betray the prevailing illusions and infirmities of the ordinary American mind. The bonus advocate cannot imagine any way of compensating Americans who have just fought a successful war to safeguard civilization except by giving them outright a few hundred dollars. He conceives compensation entirely in terms of possessions which its owners do not share with anybody else and which they use as they please. It was according to this conception of what an American citizen is entitled to that the national domain was divided up; and to this day, although the richest part of the national domain is distributed, the association between property and patriotism, between self-service and public service seems to have lost none of its earlier vitality.

The middle western small town American still thinks of the resources of the American commonwealth as boundless and as divisible among all good citizens. He does not realize that, as things are now, the ex-soldiers will derive their billions from a diminishing surplus, that the bonus will, to a large extent, come finally out of the pockets of poor people who will have to pay by privation for the waste and that it will result in an intensified class conflict. Imagining, as he does, the American Republic to be composed of people who own property and reap profits rather than people who perform services, he does not see that what the returned American soldiers need and should have is not compensation for ungathered profits but the assurance of future opportunities for useful work. If he would turn his attention as a patriotic duty to curing irregularity of employment and to maintaining a level of living wages, he would really do something to remove the economic grievances not only of ex-soldiers but of all faithful social workers. As it is his method of compensating the ex-soldiers will tend to increase unemployment and to lower wages, and its expense will in the end come largely out of the pockets of the class to whom the least prosperous ex-soldiers belong.

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# "Free Speech, But—!"

THE battle for academic freedom in American colleges is so unending that one needs much artificial naïveté to profess astonishment at each fresh renewal of the struggle. We might better be surprised that the conflict emerges into the open so rarely as it does.

But while the clash between the impulse toward free speech and the organized conservative machinery of education is an old story, each new case presents human values worth the attention of the student of social problems. That is to me the most interesting aspect of the fight at Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, which, at the moment of writing, has reached a point where the whole student body is in a state of open and violent revolt against the position taken by the president.

Two sets of facts must be held in mind in seeking to appraise the situation at Clark. The first has to do with President Wallace W. Atwood's action in interrupting a speech by Scott Nearing on "The control of public opinion in the United States," closing the meeting and dispersing the audience.

Mr. Nearing was addressing the members of the Student Liberal Club and some of the townspeople of Worcester, to the total number of about two hundred. President Atwood did not hear the speech in its entirety, having conducted another meeting that evening in the field of his own specialty, which is geography. He dropped in at the Liberal Club meeting and took a seat at the rear of the hall, at a moment when Mr. Nearing had almost finished his remarks. There is no stenographic transcript of the speech, but I have read an approved summary of it and I agree with the eight or ten students and instructors who have all assured me that there was nothing incendiary or even particularly novel in what he said.

Nearing's peroration contained the statement that the church and the school are both an outgrowth of the present organization of society and are used to support that organization. He quoted from the writings of President Atwood's brother-in-law, Thorstein Veblen, to the effect that "higher learning has come to reflect the philosophy of the present-day business man," and observed that the "vested interests" through their pecuniary resources are able to "pick off the best brains of the country and enlist them in their service." In every profession, Mr. Nearing declared, far greater material rewards go to those who engage in business pursuits than to those who devote themselves to reform in either action or thought.

At approximately this point President Atwood, described by all witnesses as in a condition of great excitement, rose, and, moving over to the president of the Liberal Club, a student named Ross Fraser, demanded that the meeting be dismissed at once. Fraser, though astonished and dismayed, saw nothing to do but to obey, went forward and made the announcement. The audience, which had paid an admission fee of twenty-five cents each, seemed reluctant to leave, whereupon President Atwood repeated the declaration that the meeting was dismissed. Nearing and some of the students subsequently went to a fraternity house, where the former concluded his remarks.

The incident naturally threw the student body into a condition of great excitement. Clark University from its founding has prided itself on a tradition of untrammeled freedom of utterance. Under its first president, G. Stanley Hall, the psychologist, who retired and was succeeded by Dr. Atwood about two years ago, there was never the faintest suggestion of censorship within or without the classroom. A first result of the Nearing episode was to more than double the membership of the Liberal Club, which by the way, is not affiliated with similar organizations in other universities.

The students held a mass meeting and delegated a committee to wait upon President Atwood and invite him to address the student body outlining his general policy on free speech. They also issued a beautifully youthful magna charta repudiating the idea that their membership is tainted with radicalism, and endorsing "the incontrovertible right and duty of educators, educational institutions and most especially institutions of higher learning to teach, to discuss and announce the truth in whatever form it may appear, wholly free from coercion by any influence of special interest or insidious propaganda."

The students further quoted the words of Jonas G. Clark, founder of the university, who wrote in his will that:

> it is my earnest desire, will and direction, that the said university in its practical management as well as in theory, may be wholly free from every kind of denominational or sectarian control, bias or limitation, and that its doors may be ever open to all classes and persons, whatsoever may be their religious faith or political sympathies, or to whatever creed, sect or party they may belong, and I especially charge upon my executors and said trustees, and the said mayor [of Worcester] to secure the enforcement of this clause in my will by applications to the court as above provided, or otherwise by every means in their power.

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In response to the students' request, President Atwood, after the lapse of nearly a week, addressed them, giving a statement of his policy on the question of academic freedom. It is a most extraordinary document, which deserves to be read in full by everyone interested in the subject. It is divided into two parts, discussing first his attitude toward outside speakers such as Nearing, and second, his views on freedom of speech by members of the faculty in the classroom. On the first point he says:

> I closed the meeting because I was unwilling to have the university in any way, directly or indirectly, actually or apparently, responsible for our students' listening any longer to the sentiments which were being expressed by the speaker. The point at issue is not alone one of my disapproval of his malignment of the moral integrity of the American people. I take the position that not only the sentiments he was expressing, but the unscientific method of presentation and the intemperate manner in which he was conducting that address made it inappropriate for a university hall. Even if his beliefs and theories are right, and those of all others who differ from him are wrong, I know that, with a conscience and a sense of responsibility such as I happen to have, I should have closed that meeting. I do not regret that I have shown in a positive way that I disapprove of such influences within the halls of a university.
>
> Gentlemen, I believe in the freedom of speech. . . . .

On the question of freedom of speech for instructors President Atwood announces himself in hearty accordance with a document drawn up by the American Association of University Professors in 1915. He draws a sharp distinction between utterances in the classroom, under the authority of the university and those made outside its walls by the faculty member in his private capacity as citizen. The instructor should distinguish between fact and theory. He should present controversial matters in a "scientific" and passionless manner, portraying all points of view.

Everyone knows that the more firmly a college president intends to suppress dangerous doctrines, the more loudly he will shout that he believes in freedom of speech. Moreover, in private conversation President Atwood shows that he believes ideas subversive of the social order are being taught in the classroom, not only at Clark but in other places. He feels they must be stamped out. His words about the impossibility of permitting such speeches as Nearing's would speak for themselves, even if they had not been accompanied by a definite announcement that in the future no one may address the Liberal Club who has not been approved in advance.

Yet it must be plain to everyone that in interrupting the meeting as he did, President Atwood acted on a hasty, foolish impulse which he now bitterly regrets. In my judgment, he has been utterly astounded at the tempest he created. It is not unlikely that most of his thinking on the subject of academic freedom during his whole life has been done in the past fortnight. Otherwise he could not have produced such an amazingly naïve document as his speech of self-defence, already quoted.

Every psychologist knows how greatly we are all motivated by the necessity for "saving face." Unless you are an extraordinarily honest and simple person, you cannot bear to admit that you have made a howling blunder; you will go to almost any lengths to "rationalize" and justify that blunder. Yet a man in such a plight will grasp eagerly at any legitimate line of retreat. For Dr. Atwood such a line could be found in the creation of a faculty committee on freedom of speech which would formulate a program and take over the task of censorship. With his recent and highly educative experience fresh in memory, I think he would see to it that the program was liberal and the censorship virtually non-existent.

Thus far, the faculty has curiously enough succeeded in keeping itself "out of" a fight which concerns its members more than anyone else. The controversy has been between the students and the president, with the faculty and the trustees remaining on the sidelines. The faculty attitude is not hard to understand; most college instructors are comparatively poor men; they "think of their jobs" and no one can blame them for doing so. The trustees have remained in the background as reserve troops for the president who, after being a teacher of geography nearly all his life, and an executive only two years, feels that he must win his fight alone—an impulse which is natural, though it may have tragic consequences. For, in the long run, a college president must make his choice between an honest, troublesome faculty, and one that is complaisant and worthless. He must choose between a student body of rebellious, mettlesome youngsters and one too spineless to care.

The other set of facts to which I referred, cuts much deeper and goes back to the founding of the institution more than thirty years ago. Jones Clark, a poor boy from New England, wandered to California in the gold rush of '49, and amassed a fortune as an entrepreneur of hardware. Returning to New England, he founded Clark University in a rather wistful desire to improve his social position. By great good fortune he secured for its head a fine liberal and an excellent psychologist, G. Stanley Hall. Clark never really understood Hall or liked him, and to prove the latter, went

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so far as to create an undergraduate institution, Clark College, with a separate head. (The college and the university were combined recently.) In spite of obstacles, Hall developed a really admirable postgraduate school with all its emphasis on research. It was not "well balanced," his own subject of psychology coming in for the lion's share, but it did fine work in research, and developed several brilliant "one man" departments where teaching was done with socratic simplicity and effectiveness. Above all, it cherished the tradition that a university is a place where the winds of freedom blow, that the mind which must be sheltered from dangerous doctrine is not worth saving, that security lies in fearlessly probing for the truth, however deep it lies.

With the advent of Atwood as Hall's successor two years ago, a change in emphasis was immediately noticeable, according to competent testimony. Dr. Atwood, a geographer, very naturally wished to forward the interests of that science. Dr. Atwood is, moreover, far closer to the typical college president than his predecessor. He spoke to me almost pathetically of his desire for new buildings, a new campus, a bigger, better Clark—with an emphasis, which may have been accidental, on the first of these adjectives. University endowments, like kisses, go by favor; and the people with the money are usually the ones who look with distrust, if not actual apprehension, on "radical ideas." Many persons in Worcester believe that Dr. Atwood is motivated in his desire to curb the discussion of dangerous doctrines by his realization that such things hinder his program for making a Clark which will be not only bigger and better, but more like the conventional American university, with a "well-rounded" group of departments and activities.

But this does not necessarily imply that freedom of speech will be curtailed in the future at Clark. The Nearing affair was an accident—an angry man taking on impulse a position the implications of which he had by no means thought out. That the student body should have exploded at once into a frenzy of protest seems to me one of the most refreshing and encouraging signs in a long time that American youth, even in these post-war years, has lost none of its resiliency. I shall never forget a perfect day at Clark, during which I met dozens of young men who were filled with the spirit of Patrick Henry, and were having a beautiful time at it, even though in the midst of an impassioned avowal that they would shed all their blood for Clark's freedom, they might pause for earnest consultation on practice hours for the spring baseball squad.

After all, the fact which college presidents find it hardest to remember is at the same time the most important fact of all: an incident like the suppression of Nearing does more to create a spirit of revolt among the students than a hundred unhampered Nearings could do in ten years. I think Dr. Atwood missed that point, though he may have learned it since. "Nearing tells the students that colleges suppress free speech in the interest of the capitalist class," he observed. "I suppress Nearing's meeting; whereupon the students accuse me of doing it in the interest of the capitalists. Doesn't that prove that Nearing's arguments have made an impression on the boys?"

Not a bit of it, Dr. Atwood; it only shows that you played into his hands in a manner ludicrously pat. I don't believe the students at Clark need to be wrapped in cotton wool; but even if they did, the events of the past fortnight are sufficient proof that the effort to do so only results in their taking a solemn vow that they will have no more to do with cotton wool for the rest of their lives.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

## Elegy

*on a Dead Mermaid Washed Ashore at Plymouth Rock*

Pallidly sleeping, the Ocean's mysterious daughter
Lies in the lee of the boulder that shattered her charms;
Dawn rushes over the level horizon of water
And touches to flickering crimson her face and her arms,
While every scale in that marvelous tail
Quivers with colour like sun on a Mediterranean sail.

Could you not keep to the ocean that lulls the Equator,
Soulless, immortal, and fatally fair to the gaze,
Or were you called to the North by an ecstasy greater
Than any you knew in those ancient and terrible days
When all your delight was to flash on the sight
Of the wondering sailor and lure him to death in the watery night?

Was there, perhaps, on the deck of some faraway vessel
A lad from New England whose fancy you failed to ensnare?
Who, born of this virtuous rock, and accustomed to wrestle
With beauty in all of its forms, became your despair,
And awoke in your breast a mortal unrest
That dragged you away from the South to your death in the cold Northwest?

Pallidly sleeping, your body is shorn of its magic,
But Death gives a soul to whatever is lovely and dies.
Now the Ocean reclaims you again, lest a marvel so tragic
Remain to be mocked by our earthly and virtuous eyes,
And reason redeems already what seems
Only a fable like all of our strange and beautiful dreams.

ROBERT HILLYER.

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# Picuro: A Post-Mortem Red

At a few minutes after six o'clock on the evening of Monday, March 13th, the newspaper offices of New York were informed by what is known as a "slip" or a "flash" from Police Headquarters that a bomb had exploded in the house at 355 East 76th Street, killing one or two persons.

The City News Association and all the morning newspapers rushed reporters and photographers to the scene. Police officers in charge of the case, especially Jerry Murphy and George Terminello, Bomb Squad detectives conducting the investigation, were exceptionally decent to the newspaper men. Not a question was asked of them that they were not willing to answer. No information in their possession when they had completed the examination of the premises at nine o'clock was denied the reporters. As matters stood at that hour, they may be summarized as follows:

Peter Picuro, twenty-six years old, who learned the plumbing trade but had not worked at it or at anything else in several years, was evidently jamming or screwing a cap on a bomb, manufactured with a seven inch length of one and one-half inch galvanized pipe and a number of chemicals which, when mixed, make an explosive. From a cause undetermined the bomb exploded in the young man's hands. In two hours he died. The tenement flat was shattered. Picuro was well known to the police. He had been arrested at least four times, once for an alleged automobile theft, once for alleged participation in a hold up, once for peddling cocaine, once on a charge preferred by an unmarried mother. He was never convicted however.

In brief, Picuro was of that type of young Italian whom the police checked up when there was need to locate the perpetrator of an ordinary, every day, professional crime. And that is what was in their minds throughout their investigation, although neither they nor the reporters discarded as impossible the thought that the dead man might have been a radical, however much every available fact concerning Picuro and all of the circumstances surrounding his death precluded the suspicion.

Murphy and Terminello left the place for Headquarters, carrying a small cardboard box containing fragments of the bomb and all of the letters, pictures, notes, books, and so forth, found in the flat. They had not examined the letters, they told the reporters, but would do so at Headquarters, where their discoveries would be made known. Examination revealed nothing to assist the police in solving the mystery of Picuro's purpose in making the bomb. There were some personal letters, a subpoena to appear in court in one of the cases against him, some cheap photographs, a notebook that obviously did not belong to him and which contained, among other things, some simple problems in geometry.

The next morning, March 14th, the New York Times published on its front page a long story beginning:

> Pietro Picuro, who had been regarded by the police as a 'mild and harmless radical' was mortally injured yesterday by the explosion of a bomb he was making in his tenement house room. The room, at 355 East 76th Street, was wrecked by the blast that scattered iron slugs, reminiscent of those that dealt death and destruction in the Wall Street explosion.
>
> Before Pietro, who lingered two hours, had died in Bellevue Hospital, Red experts of the Bomb Squad were sequestering for careful scrutiny at Police Headquarters today, armfuls of radical literature carried from the flat.
>
> Regarded as an important find was a book of mysterious geometric figures taken from the place, which the police believe may be a code that will yield the key to hitherto undecipherable Red documents.

The New York Tribune of the same date and on the front page said, in its second paragraph:

> Certain only that the victim of the explosion had been hoist by his own petard, members of the bomb squad worked far into the night among the wreckage of the East Side home, seeking evidence that would link the amateur chemist with some radical organization. . . . . A quantity of radical literature was found in Picuro's effects.

In the Herald's account of the explosion it was said that:

> Detectives Murphy and Terminello of the Bomb Squad searched the apartment and took a bundle of papers to Headquarters. They said they found many radical newspapers, books, magazines and pamphlets but nothing to indicate that Picuro was engaged in any plot. They said also that the man was not known to the police as an active radical. The detectives learned that many young men were accustomed to visit him.

According to the New York American:

> Picuro, the police say, had been arrested several times on suspicion of being an extremist, but never was convicted. He is known to have associated with men of that type.

The New York World reported:

> The police have no notion as to the intended objective of Peter's bomb. They have some letters under scrutiny.

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In the light of the doubt cast in these morning newspaper stories on Picuro's motive for making a bomb it might be expected that the afternoon newspapers of the day following the explosion would seek accurately to inform their readers of the contents of the letters, papers, and so forth, found in the flat. But the Evening Telegram, throughout its editions, said:

> Red Code Found in Slain Man's Wrecked Home. Federal and Local Police Suspect Nationwide Terrorist Plot. Victim a Man of Mystery. [All in head-lines]. Suspecting the existence of a nationwide plot on the part of the anarchists, agents of the Department of Justice as well as those of the local police force are making separate investigations into the circumstances surrounding the explosion of what is believed to have been a test bomb in the home of Peter Picuro, 355 East 76th Street, last night . . . . . A mass of mildly radical literature and a book of mysterious geometric figures were picked up by the detectives of the Bomb Squad. They hope the book will furnish a key to certain code messages of the reds which were already in their hands. Experts of the federal and municipal governments are endeavoring to find the key, etc., etc.

In an eight-column streamer head, the Evening Journal declared: "Victim of Bomb Was Plotter."

Further the Journal said:

> Working on the theory that Peter Picuro, 26, a plumber, of No. 355 East 76th Street, who was killed by the explosion of a bomb of his own manufacture, might have been the tool of a group already planning for a May Day demonstration, detectives today were placing under surveillance all persons known to them as radicals . . . . . Picuro himself was under surveillance as a radical and had been questioned several times concerning his possible affiliations with the radicals, but had never been arrested.

According to the Evening Mail:

> Picuro, who was twenty-six and a plumber by trade, had been officially classed as a 'mild and harmless radical' . . . . . The most valuable find, however, was a heap of papers covered with weird designs of which detectives have so far been able to make nothing. There were also heaps of radical newspapers, books, magazines and pamphlets, but nothing to indicate that others were connected with the man in his work. . . . Bomb Squad investigators say the time of radical activity is April, May and June, and that it is probable preparations are being made for demonstrations later. They say it is frequently found that intellectual radicals influence workers, such as Picuro, who have technical knowledge, to make bombs.

The Evening Post readers learned that

> Police investigating today . . . . . said they were inclined to think that the victim, a plumber, who had not worked at his trade for years, but dressed well, was engaged to make bombs possibly for use in anarchist demonstrations in April or May next.

The Evening World headlined: "Young Red Blown to Death By Bomb of His Own Making" and went on to say:

> Among the articles found in his home was a book of geometric figures which, the police believe, may be a code that will furnish a key to Red documents heretofore undecipherable. There was also radical literature.

And the next morning, thirty-six hours after the explosion had occurred, the Morning Telegraph said:

> Detectives of the Bomb Squad investigating anarchist activities say they can easily see how types of the dead man fitted in well with the program of the radicals. They say the anarchists were using the intellectuals of their own group to inflame the less learned who have mechanical talent to the end that they make and place bombs. The intellectuals, known among the anarchists as 'the orators' talk to the mechanics, known as the 'direct action men', take them up along Park, Madison and Fifth Avenues, let them catch glimpses of fashionably dressed people in restaurants and other luxurious places, and then take them down to the East Side and show them the crowded tenements of the poor. Thus they get those with mechanical experience to begin experimenting with infernal machines, the police say.

The facts are these, as given to the newspaper reporters by Detective Sergeant J. J. Gegan, head of the Bomb Squad:

Not one scrap of radical literature was found in Picuro's effects. Picuro had not been suspected and was not suspected of having been a radical. The book of geometric figures was an ordinary calendar note book for the year 1916 given out by an insurance company. It had evidently been owned by a student in high school. It contained many pages of notes on ancient and mediaeval history. The problems in geometry could not be confused with any code on earth.

It was the conclusion of Detective Sergeant Gegan that Picuro's bomb was intended as a threat, or for use in connection with a bootlegging deal. To quote Gegan literally, he believed it was intended for employment in "a bootlegging shakedown scheme of some kind."

Of course that was only his theory after having discarded every other theory. But he was specific in this:

"We have not said the man was a radical, nor that we had any evidence upon which to base such an idea. For we have not."

CHARLES P. SWEENEY.

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# An American Transportation System

## III. Seaports

THERE are three links in the chain of transportation between interior America and oversea: the railroad, the port and the steamship line. Today perhaps the weakest link in that chain is the port.

A port is a funnel through which are poured into ships the exports of a great hinterland. It is a clearing house for the goods in international trade. It is a piece of trans-shipment machinery between land and water carriers—sometimes direct trans-shipment, sometimes with a period of storage intervening.

Whatever interferes with the funnel function of a port does it the greatest injury possible. Most of our American ports today are "railroad ports." That is, the oversea pier groups are owned by the various railroad lines terminating in the port. Each railroad tries to prevent all other railroads from carrying any of the freight of the steamship lines docking at its pier group. The funnel is blocked.

Consider a port as it should be laid out and operated. Back of the piers should run a belt line with spur tracks on each pier. The belt line, independently operated, should intersect each rail carrier at the classification yard where its trains are broken up. The belt line would at a low uniform charge move cars between all railroads and all steamship berths. Every steamship line would have all railroad lines working for it, all competing in the vital matters of car supply and inland solicitation of freight. From a traffic viewpoint this port is a perfect funnel.

Such a port is provided by the public belt lines at Montreal and New Orleans. All other ports on the Atlantic and Gulf Coasts are "railroad ports," with the single exception of New York. There the harbor waters act as a belt line. Ocean-going vessels had already established themselves in Manhattan when the railroads were built. They terminated on the New Jersey shore, across the Hudson from the piers. The only way for the railroads to reach the vessels was to unload their freight and barge it across the river. This they do; the barging is called lighterage. Each railroad can with equal facility lighter alongside each steamship line; no road can monopolize any berth. So the Hudson serves to neutralize the Manhattan pier locations, lighterage being quite comparable with switching on a belt line.

A vital problem of American transportation is to clean out the funnels at the railroad ports. Consider one of them, Baltimore, Maryland. In Baltimore are three roads: the Baltimore & Ohio, the Western Maryland, the Pennsylvania. Each owns a terminal devoted to the storage of oversea freight and its trans-shipment between rail and ocean carriers. Each terminal has extensive railroad yards; it has elevators; it has open and covered piers, some for package freight, some for bulk freight like coal and ores; it has expensive machinery for handling bulk freight between car and ship.

A steamship line settling at Baltimore can get the use of one of those railroad piers free of charge, a berth that would cost $75,000 per year, or more, in New York. The Baltimore rail carrier expects to recoup itself by freight earnings on the traffic passing over its piers. The railroad—say, the B. & O.—which has thus subsidized the steamship line to locate upon its rails, tries to monopolize the inland carriage of all its exports and imports.

The steamship line is obligated, or made to feel obligated, to send via the B. & O. all freight whose routing it can control. The B. & O. refuses to switch to its piers cars with export freight brought by the Pennsylvania or the Western Maryland. If these roads want to carry traffic for a B. & O. steamer, they must bring the car into their own terminals, unload and lighter its contents to ship-side. The B. & O. figures that the added expense of such delivery will discourage the other railroads from trying to serve its steamers, and that the re-handling, incident to lighterage, will discourage the shipper from using any route but the B. & O. The Western Maryland and the Pennsylvania pursue precisely the same policy with respect to their piers.

At banquets each road talks eloquently about the stupendous sums it spends for the development of the port of Baltimore. Then all roads proceed to operate their water terminals in such a way as to split Baltimore into three sub-ports and to confine each steamship line to the car supply, carrying power and soliciting force of a single rail line. Baltimore enjoys only one-third its rightful freedom of traffic flow with respect to the highly competitive middle western territory.

The Baltimore railroad treats the steamer which backs up to its pier just like a dray that has backed up to its freight house. Instead of a funnel, a syphon. The steamer pays such a heavy price for its free berth that most of the steamship lines prefer to shoulder the high rentals at New York piers, which are immune from railroad domination and

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for whose traffic all rail carriers compete actively and on equal terms.

"Very well; why not build public piers in Baltimore, self-supporting, as at New York?" Impossible. If the city builds a pier for the use of an oversea line, the rental will be that established by the adjacent railroad piers; namely, nothing at all. In the course of time, as the ocean lines realized the advantage of an independent berth, Baltimore could begin to command rentals for its facilities, but the free railroad piers would always make the return less than self-supporting. The Maryland legislature has authorized Baltimore to issue $50,000,000 in bonds for port development, on condition that such improvements shall be on a self-supporting basis. For the reasons given, no steamship line will lease a pier. The Port Commission is apparently about to build one for lease to the Western Maryland. It is a great mistake, public credit advanced to perpetuate the evils the railroads created.

Illustrations have been taken from Baltimore; the situation there is typical of all the railroad ports.

There is a solution. The funnels can be cleared.

First, the present piers must be made accessible to all carriers, not simply the railroad owner. This can be accomplished by the institution of reciprocal switching, common enough in domestic rail traffic. To illustrate in the instance we have taken: the B. & O. would be obligated to switch to its pier a Western Maryland car of exports. The B. & O. for this service would, of course, collect a remunerative terminal charge. The charge should cover the cost of the switching movement, unloading, wharfage for use of the pier shed. This charge, which the Western Maryland would pay, would be no greater than the present cost of putting that carload on a Western Maryland pier, preparatory to lightering to the B. & O. steamer. The Western Maryland would then have as great an incentive to solicit and carry for B. & O. steamers as its own. The funnel would be clear.

There is no doubt that the Interstate Commerce Commission can compel reciprocal switching on this export and import traffic, under its power to establish through routes and joint rates. The Commission may prescribe the divisions of joint rates where carriers cannot agree. Thus the Commission if necessary could fix the reciprocal switching charges.

It is well in the range of probability that before long we shall demand compulsory consolidation of all railroad terminals in our great cities. We have no room for their duplicate yards, stations, tracks, approaches. Under such consolidation in Baltimore, the Consolidated Terminal Company would hold and operate all rail terminals in the district, whether for domestic or foreign freight. Automatically perfect coordination between all carriers and all piers would ensue.

Baltimore's problem is not solved with the clearing of the funnel as to existing piers. For nearly two decades, in every railroad port, the railroads have spent little or nothing on new steamship berths. They have been too poor. No one else could afford to build piers and offer them at the prevailing free rentals. So none have been built save at Philadelphia. There the city has built piers and carried the resulting loss. Few municipalities can afford it, and Philadelphia is about through. So at the railroad ports there is a dearth of modern piers, and no prospect of getting them.

The Consolidated Terminal Company would be the agent of new port development, as well as the operator of facilities now in existence. The city would properly advance to this company the funds necessary to build a coordinating belt line and new piers reached by it. The new facilities should be built with the cooperation and approval of the city and leased by it to the Consolidated. This would save the company four and a half percent annually on the capital cost of the improvement: three percent taxes, since there would be none on city property, and one and a half percent in interest charges. The city could borrow that much cheaper.

In view of the peculiar situation in railroad ports, city-owned and city-operated piers would be a solution less desirable and less promising than the Consolidated Terminal Company. From a traffic viewpoint, the piers under its control can be as completely neutralized as if under public operation. They will be more efficiently operated, better coordinated with the rail lines behind them. The city, in its lease, can provide for proper treatment of the railroad rivals: coastwise lines and motor trucks.

In some of the railroad ports, no new construction need be immediately undertaken. It will suffice if the Consolidated leases the great army war bases as they are cleared of Quartermasters' stores and made available for commercial use. Such bases are at Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Charleston and New Orleans, these six representing the finest ocean terminals in the world.

Reciprocal switching; consolidated rail terminals; public credit for new pier developments to be leased to a consolidated terminal company; operation by the company of the commercialized army war bases; these not revolutionary developments are needed to clear the clogged funnels of traffic at most of our ports and set them free to render their maximum of service to the interior.

EDWIN J. CLAPP.

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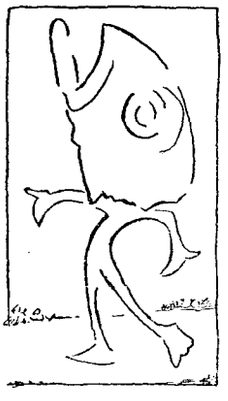
# The Crow's Nest

THE two most picturesque sights in Mezca, when I stopped at the Cape, were two natives who walked around talking to themselves all the time. They talked about the state of the nation, and sometimes of the world. As each had his own ideas about this, they usually went around separately. One of them owned a series of rocks, which he had placed by the roadside, and which he had carved with long thoughtful hieroglyphs when feeling impassioned. He used these to throw at passers-by to emphasize his remarks. He also wore a large bulging mask, resembling the head of a Drum Fish, and he liked to have his views referred to as the Great Drum Fish's views. As to the other native, he delivered *his* addresses perched on tall stilts, and spoke with a dignified bellow, and called himself Truth. (The Mezcan word is Zumpa, and means not only Truth but All-Wisdom.)

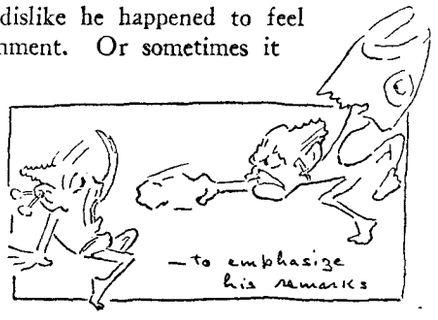
These two rivals, between them, had in a way hypnotized the inhabitants. People not only listened to their numerous views and opinions, and let them throw rocks at them and scold them, but paid them for doing it. They didn't pay them well (these two men were most sarcastic about this) and they didn't often listen attentively to what the men said. But it seemed to impress them to have a Great Drum Fish around.



In fact he was so much a public character that I supposed, when he died, they would hold some general election to choose his successor. But not at all; a young native came along named Charlie Sniff, who bought the mask from the family and became the great Drum Fish by purchase; and after a day or two of practice *he* began to throw rocks. He was most energetic too, and announced that he meant to throw them much harder. He called this procedure, "adopting a more vigorous policy."

In the old Hebrew days when a man wished to behave in this way, yet, not being a priest or a ruler, had no public standing, he went off to some place in the desert and dressed up in goat-skins, and then he presently came back to town and said he was a prophet. Any political opinions he was full of he said were the Lord's.

This interested everyone, even the rulers and priests. If he had just walked around and talked naturally to the crowd, man to man, he wouldn't have been impressive—unless his views made him so, gradually. And that gradual way is too slow for a man in a hurry, as men with opinions that they wish to express mostly are. But when he declared these were the Lord's views, that got him a hearing. So he spoke in an oracular manner and put dust on his head, and danced and rent his garments in twain, and got everyone scared, and then expressed whatever dislike he happened to feel toward the government. Or sometimes it was his fellow-citizens' habits that he didn't approve of: he then would say the Lord hated the way the women were dressing




for instance. He would get up and shout at the top of his voice "Give ear, O Earth! This people are an offence and an abomination! Thus saith the Lord."

If he hadn't put in "Thus saith the Lord" quickly, the crowd might have stoned him; in fact they did anyhow sometimes, not liking abuse. But they certainly stood a lot of it, first and last, for there were no end of prophets, and they mostly were irascible men who wanted the world changed at once. If one of them felt a grudge toward some particular town, he would go about prophesying against it in the most poisonous way, declaring in his wrath that he hoped the whole place would be ruined. And he insisted on being listened to: when people got tired, and wished to stop listening, that made him indignant. No matter how longwinded and incoherent a speaker he was, he said it was their duty to "hearken to the word of the Lord."

One prophet, Jeremiah, a most positive old man with a short temper, used to become awfully exasperated when his advice wasn't taken. "I will send serpents, cockatrices, among you," he sometimes would scream, "which will not be charmed" (so you needn't plan to escape any such way) "and they shall bite you," he'd howl, with great fierceness; and hurriedly add, "saith the Lord." (Jer. viii, 17.)

No matter what policy a government adopted, or didn't, there was always some prophet who didn't feel satisfied with it, and who felt that if he wasn't satisfied the whole thing was evil. He would then go into action, not by arguing—he didn't bother with arguments—but simply by predicting the most dismal results he could think of. He would say, for instance, that if So-and-so were elected, thorns would come up in the palaces, and nettles and brambles; and the land would become a hissing, and desolate.

Nowadays, when some private citizen feels public-spirited, and wants to say "Woe, Woe," to other citizens, and "Beware," and all that, he too feels an instinct to be as impressive as can be about it. One obvious way to be impressive is to become a great man. But that takes a long time. And even if you do become one, or even if you are one already, people half the time won't believe it till after you're dead. This is not only irritating to a publicist, it's a practical difficulty. Still, it isn't important, for he doesn't need to become a great man. His problem is merely to seem one. What is the best way to do it?

Every age has its method. Yet at bottom each method's the same. The great point is never to admit it's only you who are talking. The modern Jeremiah or Charlie Sniff accordingly rents a small office, and talks his opinions onto paper as fast as he can; and then instead of signing them C. Sniff, he signs them The Editor.

The Editor is a self-bestowed title, yet people respect it. They observe that any man who is an editor takes himself seriously. And not only himself but other editors —he takes them all seriously—they all pretend to take each other that way, same as Kings or High Priests. They quarrel, and they criticize each other, but that doesn't hurt —the main thing is for each of them to speak of himself by his title, and never allude to himself as "I" or to his views as "my" views, but to call himself "We," so as to sound like a bishop, or King.

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On top of this, he gives himself still another title, or name; and here is where Charlie really lets himself go the limit. He thinks and thinks about it in his office the whole afternoon, and finally decides that he will call himself—say—The Statesman. He then goes out and tells the postman that if mail comes addressed to The Statesman, the postmaster is to be sure to deliver it to him, Charlie Sniff. And thereafter he alludes to himself as The Statesman, in whatever he prints. If he comes down to the office feeling peevish about the day's news, he sits down at his typewriter and writes, "It is The Statesman's opinion that the government of this unhappy nation is playing with fire. We entertain grave objections," says Charlie, "to the Cabinet's views. "Frankly," he says, "we are obliged to dissent from them wholly. We have explained more than once to the administration where this course will end. We have pointed out the numerous depths into which the Supreme Court is pushing us. If, in spite of THE STATESMAN'S many warnings," Charlie angrily adds, "the Court unaccountably and obstinately persists in its ways, we predict that——." At this point he pauses. He stares at the ceiling. He has to think up something good and horrible, of course, to predict. . . . When he has it, he goes down to the basement where John the printer is sitting, and tells John to print a lot of copies of it. This makes him feel better.

One of Charlie's great desires, he says, is to make people think; and he frequently thinks things out for them to show them just how. And every day he puts on his mask and leans out of the window and urges the public for heaven's sake to be more clear-sighted and to see through the pretensions around them in the world of affairs.

When other editors speak of Charlie now, they call him The Statesman, and he calls them The Herald or The Tribune or whatever they wish. And by way of an extra fanfare of trumpets and ruffle of drums, when he speaks of himself as The Statesman he prints it in capital letters; and he prints The Herald and Tribune in italics, and it's all very grand. . . . As to God, and the government, and so forth, he prints all them in plain type.

Sometimes he calls himself something humble instead of The Statesman. The Times or the Messenger, for instance. But he behaves much the same. The Messenger is soon found announcing its opinions importantly, and making believe it is a Being that is more than a man. It really should have a high-sounding title to match the way it goes on. Charlie feels this. He has even been known to call himself The Leader—or Life—or The World. If anyone else did this—any politician—Charlie would make a great fuss, and want such a fellow shut up in the nearest asylum. For himself, though, it's different. Sometimes he says that he is the Sun, and that he will shine for all. When he writes, he says, "The Sun thinks thus and so," or "The World takes this attitude." There isn't a Tsar or Mikado or Zulu Induna that has any grander titles than Charlie confers on himself.

And after having carried on in this magnificent manner all day, he brushes the dust off his hat, and he gets on the street car, and pays the conductor his nickel, and goes home to his wife.

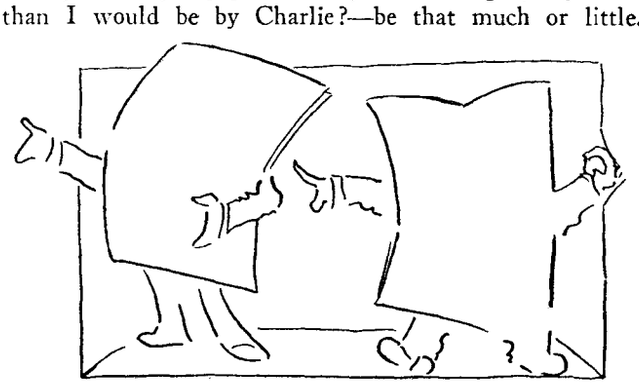
I don't know just what goes on in the head of a man who does this. I'm told that sometimes he calls himself The Statesman or The Sun out of modesty. He feels that it would be too much to ask everybody to listen to him, Charlie Sniff; but it's all right to do so, of course, if he says he's The Sun.

If you get him to arguing he will give you all the reasons you like. He will explain that he has too much respect for the Dignity of the Press and of Journalism, to—er—well, to admit that his editorials are by himself. (In other words, a Drum Fish is a more dignified thing than a man.) Or if this kind of talk is out of date, he will hand you another. "Our wish," he will tell you, still hanging on to the first person plural, "is to make our paper an organ of ideas, and not one of personalities. We feel that to print signed editorials would defeat our whole purpose." (The old ostrich theory. If a man hides in an office and says he's The Herald, that makes him impersonal.)

No such reasons are real, of course. They wouldn't even sound real, to anyone who knew human nature. They have that clear rational ring to them that is always so hollow, not the thick confused voice of truths that come up from the earth. They are the kind of reasons a man invents or thinks out in bed, not those he tracks down and discovers by observing his fellows. As a corollary, they are the kind that he clings to and warmly believes in, not the kind that he likes other men to paw over and criticize.

An organ of ideas, run by men, is not a realistic conception. A harsh judge would call it dishonest: a kind one pathetic. It's a romantic ideal; it's a dream that disguises the facts. Ideas and personalities can be separated in pure mathematics, and perhaps in a few other abstract and rarified regions. Also, once in a while, some big universal idea, if it's great enough, may shake itself free from its spokesman's limitations and bias. But this almost never happens. Men themselves are not great enough—yet. These "organs" that pretend to be other than human are frauds. Their every-day combats of opinion on economics and politics are never in any real sense impersonal; they are the voices of men—of human beings with irregular tempers, and pet hopes or schemes, and a far from impersonal insight, and with jerky digestions.

When these voices are supposed to come from things called The Star or The Globe, what is the effect on the rest of us? Well, it's queerly hypnotic. Why should I be impressed by a paper that says it's an organ, any more than I would be by Charlie?—be that much or little.



When Charlie is parading around, and deploring and roaring, and pretending he isn't just Charlie, I ought to smile and pass on. But, somehow, when he behaves that way he sounds quite important. His words seldom influence my actions, or nourish me much: their disguise usually lessens their robustness; the vitamines in them dry up. But nevertheless they *seem* weighty; they make a fine show-

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ing. They enter my system majestically, and slowly float through—and out. They pass without leaving a trace—yet I'm dazzled. It's odd. . . . But this Drum Fish and prophet thing has gone on so long in the world: it's so deep in our web of reactions and old human ways.

When any of the habits and folkways of men are persistent, it is probable that they are connected with some inner need. An editor who doesn't know, himself, why he behaves as he does may be following some sound ancient instinct that's wiser than he. Maybe men in the mass will not listen to an ordinary man's natural voice, and actually want him to raise it, and dress in some robe. Or maybe he knows if he didn't the crowd wouldn't pay him. That would be the economic interpretation of an editor's grandeurs.

Suppose neither of these causes is present and he still won't speak man to man, but insists upon calling himself something else. He may still have a reason. There may be a hidden need in his own heart of wearing a toga. In order to speak roundly in public, perhaps he must first dress up, to reassure some inner sinking hesitation, some qualm.

So he speaks of himself as The Statesman, and uses the "We," and struts most contentedly, bless him, through the world of today. Perhaps in the world of tomorrow there'll be less masquerading. Imagine the delight then with which they'll look back on our landscape and study these picturesque figures marching grandly about it—The Argus, The Guardian, The Sentinel, The Eagle, The Sun.

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

# Letters from Two Russian Physicians

Kharkov, January 7, 1922.

*My Very Dear Brother:*

. . . . So you say you had no letters from us since the last of 1917? No, I have written quite frequently, even after the eventful October in Moscow, when my life, like that of many thousands, seemed to be hanging by a thread. . . . The struggle between the Bolsheviki and the defenders of the Constituent Assembly was long and furious, for days the city was under heavy fire, a number of buildings were destroyed to the foundations. And the fires! the dead! the wailing of women! And after this the burial of hundreds of students, officers, revolutionists. I was living then by the Nikitsk gates, where the fighting was especially hard. And right at that moment letters and telegrams began to arrive from the frightened folks at home, commanding me to drop everything and hurry home. Out of pity for father and mother, I left Moscow, with regrets. "X" got a month's leave, and we set out for Kherson which we reached after many interruptions by snowdrifts and breakdowns in December. We remained in Kherson for the whole winter, because of the German occupation of Ukraine. We went through a bombarding of the city which lasted fourteen days. I can't describe all the horrible details; it was worse than Moscow, and a hundredfold more difficult to bear. Our poor old father and sick mother could not rest, lying down dressed because of the fear that the house might be hit or set on fire at any moment. While the Germans were in Kherson, "X" and I went back to Kharkov where he was serving as a physician and neurologist, and here in Kharkov we still are.

After the Germans, there was Petliura, then the Volunteers under Denikin, then the Bolsheviki again. At Kherson, there was a large detachment of Greek and French soldiers. Well, not wishing to surrender the city to the approaching Bolsheviki, or from other calculations, they gathered hostages of war, drove them into the wooden grain-sheds along the river-front, and, at the last moment, after meeting with defeat in the open, they poured inflammatory liquids on the sheds and fired them. I got news from home with heart-breaking descriptions of how mothers fleeing from the fire lost their children in the flames, how husbands lost their wives. These barbarians from the west had rounded up whole families, like cattle. . . . But now we are free from changes in government, and the present Soviet power is seriously embarking on the work of reconstruction after years of war destruction. The task is immense, the conditions of life insupportable as a nightmare. We are never through here with epidemics, typhus, etc. . . . Statistics declare that the epidemics have caused the death of fifty-five percent of our physicians. Many a man's death remained unknown for five and six months. And well has Dr. Igumenov expressed himself on this score, at the burial service of Professor Hirshmann, that "we have a post office, but no letters; telegraph poles, but no telegrams; railways, but no trains." It takes us three days to make the trip between Kharkov and Kherson, where it used to take only twenty-two hours, and that is bound up with danger to life because of the bands of marauders, notwithstanding the fact that the government is struggling hard to eliminate them. . . .

During these years, which separated us from you, we have lived through so many frights for the sake of our old folks. Now mother falls ill, now father. Both are getting on in years, and are growing feeble. Father, of course, felt deeply the loss of everything he had. One freighter is rotting somewhere in Odessa, one is somewhere in Rumania, two are lying broken in Kherson, while the fifth freighter has disappeared entirely. Even if he should get them back, he could make no use of them, because it would take millions to repair them. . . . All other property, including furniture and other household goods, have been requisitioned, taken away. When father asked that a few chairs be left to him, the youngster who came with "the mandate" blurted back, "You've been sitting long enough in these chairs; you can now sit on the floor." My little sister flared up at this, and told him to hold his tongue and not to dare to speak to an old man like that. He threatened to place her under arrest. They carted away her piano, although this was later rescued and returned, thanks to the interference of a friendly commissar living at our house. In those days, when all "bourjoui" were arrested, father was also thrown into prison, at four in the morning. You can imagine the state of everybody while he was in the prison cellar, but happily he did not meet with the cruel fate of thousands of innocent people who perished because they happened to be well-to-do, employed the labor of others, or for other reasons. They released him after the fourth day. We tried to induce him to leave, to go away, but he would not hear of it, in spite of our simulated threats that we would go away and leave him behind, alone. And so we are all here, in poor Russia. . . .

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Kherson, such as you remember it, does not exist. It is deserted, dead. There is no trade, no employment, and no steamers are seen in the port. There is great hunger even here. Black bread (not pure rye) costs now 25,000 roubles a pound; potatoes, 14,000; butter, 80,000; sugar, 60,000; and so forth in the same scale. Things are very hard to get, the markets are almost empty. As soon as darkness comes, all stay indoors and venture nowhere, from fear of being held up and stripped of their clothing. The water mains and the electric system are out of order. People carry water from the river now. . . . Our folks keep warm, living in one room where there is an iron stove, which also serves for the preparation of meals. Here is the wood, too. Here the kitchen, work-room, sitting-room. . . . This short sketch is sufficient to give you an idea of our peaceful civilization where we breathe freely and think our high thoughts. You must not be surprised if we allow ourselves to look longingly towards the West, yearning to be where there is some human existence, where one can live and think. At first I hoped that we could somehow get away, but now I hope no more. What shall be, so be it. Here, with the endless sick, with the suffering, we find our work and our duty.

You write that the hatreds of war are slowly passing away, and that an era of peace is surely coming again. But, darling, you, living there, who have not experienced one single day of our seven years, you cannot imagine what our life is like, how things look here after seven years of war and revolution. We need not one year, not two, but decades for Russia's regeneration, and the latter would be possible provided the foreign governments give their recognition to Soviet Russia. But if things go on as heretofore, then the next decades will also vanish darkly, fruitlessly in the shadows. If we have breathed to you of emigration, it was not for love of personal ease and comfort. It is this terrible intellectual and moral isolation which is so unbearable; we yearn to study, to read, to refreshen our minds with something new and vital. But now, it is work all day long, then home, light the fire in the stove, cook a meal, eat, wash dishes, scrub pots and pans, then bed at midnight till breakfast, then to work again. Day unto day—the same routine, broken only by the arrival of our state ration, by a visit to markets, by cutting wood in the yard. That's the life of Russia's intelligentsia. It is not hunger that oppresses us younger folks, but isolation, the lack of all contact with science and things of the spirit. We appear slow-thinking, like heavy brooding animals,—really! And such work! Each physician seems to do the work of several. In the evening we have our personal wants to attend to, and there is no leisure for study and thought for us who have to play as cook and chambermaid; there are no servants in Russia today. . . . And when I look back, the brain goes cold. Seven years of my young life for study and progress lost! We have grown old and weary, many of us neurotic. How often I thought, and was happy at the beauty of it, that you can live, work, read, in a human environment. Yes, it is hard without culture, thought, science. . . .

No, you will never adequately understand and feel our Revolution, no matter how I try to depict it to you. One must experience it all, in person. I, too, never understood the terrors of the French Revolution reading about it in books; I know it now. Our Russian Revolution has surpassed everything. . . . You can see for yourself that I can hardly answer where I want to be. If I but knew that America and the other great powers would meet us in a friendly spirit, extend to us a helping hand, so that our civilization could climb to its feet again, life here, it is quite possible, would become fair again. But so long as Russia is not accorded recognition, we shall be rolling downwards. Don't forget that in the Volga region alone there are 36,000,000 hungry and starving. Add to these the starving five provinces of southern Russia. . . .

And while millions are starving, speculation in life's necessities is unbounded, unchecked, brutal to excess, and bribery is flagrantly open. One's hair rises in horror. People of our training and life, sensitive of their honor and conscience, naturally find life hard and unsatisfactory. . . . Our expenditures run into millions. We spend now ten million roubles a month, "X" and I, and life is getting dearer and dearer. Pretty soon we shall be in need of a million a day for necessities. We are not like you fellows over there counting your dollars in tens, no sir! Give us millions, "lemons," as we jokingly say. I tell you, frankly, that we have no need of anything; in fact, we manage to send a little food or money home to our old folks every week, whenever our good acquaintances are going south. But if you do send anything, send only food and clothing, especially food, for that's worth more than anything else; don't send us money by a purchase of roubles at official exchange rates. Our only thought is to make it easier for our folks. Possibly we will get the food you spoke of, but we have not received it as yet. . . .

. . . . . .

Kharkov, January 12, 1922.

Many, many thanks for your letter. For the first time we get a letter from America direct, unregistered at that! What progress, just think of it! It reached us in one month's time. The Lord be praised! Maybe, it is really a portent of improvement and coming life in Russia. Well, we live, as my little wife is writing to you, so-so that is, we are still clothed and we don't starve yet—that's of first importance—and we work eighteen hours a day! We look after our stomachs, and let our souls thrive as best they may. There is really nothing surprising that people have grown cruel here, selfish, dishonest, indifferent, to suffering. It is very hard to describe our existence, so deformed it seems, so primitive. . . .

Let's take a small corner of it. From the beginning of the Revolution, the new system of remuneration introduced was "natural" wages or payment in goods, in order to drive out the evil bourgeois medium, "money." But in the end, we had both goods and money. For instance, I as physician and neuro-pathologist, attached to the state clinic (until the very recent regulations, no private clinics were permitted), used to receive one pound of black bread daily, which was often inedible, and also monthly one pound of sugar, two to three pounds of some meal, one to two boxes of matches, and a tiny piece of soap. Wait, I forgot to specify one pound of salt, also monthly. In money, I used to get 2,200 roubles monthly, when bread costs 2,000 roubles a pound (that pound of bread advanced to 5,500 the first week in December). How do you like that for compensation?

But now, with the inauguration of the "new economic program," or "NEP," my ration is one pound of black bread daily, two or three pounds of meal, but not every month, one-half pound of sugar a month (none issued during the last three months), one pound of salt (also none dis-

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tributed), one-quarter pound of soap, and one to two boxes of matches a month (but none for the last three months). In money, I now get 200,000 to 300,000 roubles. Black bread, in Kharkov, sells now at nearly 15,000 roubles a pound. It is clear that one must have 5, 6, 10, 15 clinical appointments to pull through. We usually sell our black bread, and buy some gruel or fat. At present I have four jobs, and hope to have a fifth soon. My wife has two positions. Private practice is at a low ebb, as everybody is too poor to bother about health, unless it be a case of typhus or apoplexy when the doctor is willy-nilly called in. At first our government aimed to guarantee the whole population free medical aid, and abolished all former private and corporate hospitals and clinics, establishing in their places a set of free clinical ambulatories. But with the change to "NEP" the government is renting out a part of the medical clinics to individuals and societies, reducing its staffs, and fast returning to the past, catching its breath at every step back. . . .

You should see how our citizens are dressed! Fashions are long forgotten. Men and women wear the same kind of heavy military shoes; the same with overcoats. Rarely, rarely does one come across a decent suit in the street. In fact, one would feel out of place and confused by dressing decently, for fear of being shouted down as "bourjoui." Still, with "NEP" there is hope that men will begin to be decent, friendly. Oh, "NEP!" All our hopes are with thee! Don't think from what I say that I am opposed to the present régime. I swear, that is not the case. I have experienced many changes in government, and a better one than the present I have not known. Still the stupidity and the naïveté of officials, their proletariat chauvinism, is endless. There are many enemies of the Soviet working in its institutions, boring from the inside, consciously spoiling and obstructing, stealing, taking bribes openly and secretly, from the living and the dead, from individuals and whole societies. And what funny stories we have about it all! Perhaps you will think that a government employee who is entitled to one-half a pound of sugar a month actually receives it in full. No, my dear one, don't be so simple! The ration comes originally from the central state warehouses, here the Kharkov Consumers' Society. Those in charge of distribution make a fat living by short-weighing. The K. C. S. delivers the ration somewhat short to the Provincial Health Department (Gubsdrav), and from there, after the customary deduction in weight, it is sent to the Committee of Ambulatories. This Committee in its turn sends the ration to the Master of Provisions (Zavkhosam) at each individual ambulatory, and that functionary takes a substantial pinch of his own tribute. Finally, the lean and hungry state employee gets his one-quarter instead of one-half pound of sugar, if he gets anything at all. True, the Soviet is waging a severe campaign against these hold-ups, but to tell the truth, without success. They steal even more diligently, and will be stealing, as the cost of living continues upward.

What awful things hunger does to us! Men are beasts, would not share a piece of bread with another. And bread is scarce. In the spring, or next summer, only the lucky few will have bread a-plenty. Foreign help is just a drop in our ocean of misery, and it seems that Europe and America are oblivious and indifferent to the millions of the hungry and dying people silently praying for help. And side by side with this dance of death, handfuls of speculators are amassing hundreds of millions of roubles, earning enough for hundreds of human beings, while the best and the noblest die in silence from hunger and disease. We never seem to be through with epidemics here. There is no end to our woes, and yet what we say here to you is only a spark of an immense fire. . . .

. . . . . .

Kharkov, February 9, 1922.

Yesterday we got your first package of food sent through the American Relief Administration. Ah, what a wonderful, glorious day it was, brother mine! Flour, rice, sugar, fats, condensed milk, tea,—weighing a total of over three poods. According to our market prices today, this package is worth eight million roubles, at a minimum, but I am sure it is worth more. And yet, you paid only ten dollars for it in New York. It ought to be clear to you what terrible waste there is in buying money remittances at official rates. I have previously written to you that the ten pounds sterling which you transmitted through London, at the official rate of 450,000 roubles per pound, on December 23rd last, by telegraph, was only delivered to us on January 18th. And what could we do with 4,500,000 Soviet roubles! It is ludicrous to tell you. At that time the purchasing power of this "vast" sum of roubles was expressed in two poods of rye flour at 1,500,000 roubles per, and ten pounds of sugar at 110,000 per, with enough left for a few matches. That is what your good forty-two odd American dollars could do in the Russian markets. Compare that with your A.R.A. food remittance worth ten dollars! Of course, you could not know then that within a month's time the rouble would be so devaluated because of the scarcity of food in the markets and other reasons. Here is one illustration: the price of one egg advanced, between early December and January, from 1,500 roubles to 12,000 roubles. Today it costs 15,000 roubles. Surely, you don't require further proof. Besides, the official rate of exchange is always lamentably below the market open exchange. So don't send us money,—only food, all that you can. . . .

I have before me father's two letters, of January 8th and 27th. He writes that with the coming of winter and the interruption of communication with other points, hunger is growing at an alarming rate. Children are crying for food in the streets. In one day, forty were buried who died from hunger and exposure. The dead are lying unburied in the streets and are not carted away. There is a great shortage of fuel, and no lack of open plundering and thieving excursions. There is neither bread nor water, nor light nor fuel. . . . Think of that beautiful city of nearly 80,000 starving, with their water mains out of repair. The old City Hall recently burned down and nothing could be done to save it, for lack of water. . . . Father thinks himself comfortably well off, because he still has about three poods of flour at home, of which he uses a little every day, but fuel is almost at an end. He humorously adds that only the air is left now, and that, too, is pestilential. . . . You see that your American food is a Godsend and your dollars will keep them warm for the next month, as I have at once relayed the money to them with friends. Kherson has no bank now, where it had a dozen in the past—our romantic golden past. . . . People are fleeing from the provincial towns, flocking to the larger centres, as Odessa and Kharkov, which are better supplied. The towns resemble cemeteries rather than living habitations; only the speculators live and thrive, for nothing seems to daunt or weaken the constitutional resiliency of

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that race. Our speculator is as eternal as our hunger and wants are eternal and endless. . . . Of course, father still has faith in Providence and prays that the people may pull through the next two or three winter months. Mother is able to sit up, and to prove to us that her health is improving, she has scrawled three lines in a very shaky hand. She says: "You must not worry about us, my children! You know father; he loses his courage and fears death. And why should we fear death? One dies once—only once. Now, take good care of yourself."

You ask about Clare, whether she is ready for the university. I can hardly answer that question. Our little sister has been ready for the last three years and only the terrible national upheaval and the sickness of our aged parents have kept her at home, where she is nurse, cook, chambermaid, dishwasher, and general manager. But here is her own answer to your question, as she put it to me: "Yes, tell brother I am ready, three times ready; and if this year passes as the last three, I shall be four times ready, ad infinitum ready, but only for the University of Culinary Arts, in which I have become proficient at cutting wood, heating and polishing stoves, dishwashing, etc. We may not get degrees for that education in Russia as in progressive America, but I am ready, nevertheless. Also tell him I don't want to leave Russia; that is, I see my future only in our socialistic paradise, especially if I am guaranteed that that future will not materially deviate from the present." Don't feel hurt at that; Clare can be very droll and serious by turns. When I was home last October, there was a student paying court to her, and notwithstanding her obvious indifference to his advances, would insist on spending his money to buy her things. Once she suddenly appeared all rouged up in high style, and the poor lad, thinking to please her, went to great expense in buying her toilet articles. She used to resell them, and invite him home for his meals. She feels quits now, because she turned his hard-earned money to better account than the silly lad could do for himself. So you see she is capable as well as droll. . . .

Times are getting worse everywhere, and God knows how this will end. With all my self-reliance and common sense and coolness that I can command, I seem to begin to lose ground under my feet. If the blockade is not lifted this coming spring, if foreign help is not more energetic until the next harvest at least, and especially if Soviet Russia is not recognized, I doubt strongly what will be left of us here. I have not the power to describe to you the condition of our population. The plain, blunt fact is that prices are rising daily and hourly at a mad and furious rate, and that food is getting to be scarcer and scarcer. We, the strong and young, will somehow live through this chaos, but it is terrible to think about the old and the children. . . . This evening, on my way home, I passed an old peasant woman on the street. She was wailing to herself, swaying sideways, then backward and forward, as peasant women do when they are possessed by sorrow. It seemed as if all Russia was inside of her body, tearing and torturing her soul. And I suddenly felt this million-headed country inside of me, from Petrograd to Vladivostok, from Archangel to Astrakhan, the terrible sorrow of the people crying out within me. I wanted to stay by this old woman and wail with her to the skies so that the Almighty could hear us. But I thought of the clinic, where I had more sick waiting for me, and I ran as fast as I could. How it will end, I don't know. We don't know anything, and so many, so many begin to cease to care.

# CORRESPONDENCE

## Sixty-five Dollars a Month

SIR: In the March issue of World's Work appears an article by Mr. Floyd W. Parsons entitled What of a Coal Strike? Mr. Parsons in arguing that non-union miners are better paid than union miners, and in proving his contention writes as follows:

"For many months unemployment has increased in the organized fields, while production has shifted to the non-union mines, where the wages are more in keeping with the times and the rates paid in other industries.

"For instance, let us take the organized New River fields in southern West Virginia, and the unorganized Pocahontas district, lying close by in the same state. In the former, the mining rate has been 83 cents per net ton, while in the latter field it averaged about 52 cents. But the New River district has only worked 36.5 days in six months, while the Pocahontas mines have been operated 74.7 days. Assuming that each miner in the districts produced 10 tons for every day he worked, the New River miner would have earned in six months a total of $303, while his brother worker in the non-union mines of the Pocahontas field would have earned $392."

Disregarding all controversy concerning the right to organize or the benefits thereof, it is a terrible commentary on the state of the coal mining industry to find that miners, even the best located, are receiving only $392 for six months' work, about $65 a month. This is so far below a living wage, below even the cost of living necessities, that it is not strange that the newspapers are full of appeals for aid for the starving miners. It is not merely difficult, but practically impossible, for a man to support a family on $65 a month, or even worse on the $50 earned by union miners. Such a situation is intolerable and denotes a precarious condition that may lead to discontent, privation, and possible abandonment of the occupation.

Out of curiosity, I would like to know if the coal mined at 52 cents a ton is sold to the public cheaper than the coal mined at 83 cents a ton, or if the country pays the same for both, the difference disappearing in the shuffle, later to reappear on some company's books as profit.

P. J. SEARLES.

Indian Head, Maryland.

## Responsibility for the World War

SIR: In liberal journals recently the "The Myth of the Guilty Nation" has been subjected to severe and largely just criticism. The more tenuous "Myth of the Innocent Nation" is open to the same treatment, for in case of national wrong-doing the guilty and the innocent are both in evidence and involved in the same fate. But there is a tendency to use the proof of positive guilt or of careless negligence on the part of individuals in the Allied powers to palliate the greater crime of actually bringing on the war. Certainly the various letters of harassed and equivocating diplomatists on either side may be used to prove anything or nothing. Every great nation has its imperialists who welcomed war as a means of restoring their waning prestige. "Foreign war is the swift remedy for internal unrest or failing patriotism." The appeal to greed and to herd-instinct is after all a mere camouflage of the real purpose of war-making, which is a back-fire against democracy. In Germany the forces of privilege were stronger, better organized and nearer the throne than in any other country. The actual fact is well summed by Dr. Alfred H. Fried in his Philosophy of Blame. I translate a passage:

"Every nation has its advocates of Imperialism, Chauvinism, Nationalism, and Militarism, but in Germany alone have these doctrines been unfolded without limit, developed without check and set off by no bar from the power of the state. The result is all the more tragic because before the war began a change for the better had been felt in Germany. Only another decade, perhaps half a decade, and the catastrophe would perhaps have been avoided."

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, California.

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# The Theatre of Tomorrow

*The Theatre of Tomorrow, by Kenneth Macgowan. New York: Boni and Liveright. $5.00.*

IF Mr. Macgowan is willing to have me take all these predictions of his about the theatre of the future as merely statements of our hopes and fears, I can follow him in most of them as enthusiastically as I can admire the spirit with which he has got them said. I too should like, as he would like, to see the theatre go on yet further and further from the realism that was done to a finish in the last century. I too should hope that for many themes there would be more of a sense of groups, of mass feeling, eternal and universal emotion and idea, in place of the minute details of our more individualized and more limited practices of today. I should like to have the future of the theatre lie in America. And I should like to see the audience and the players brought closer together. And so on. These are bright hopes, set forth with remarkable clarity in Mr. Macgowan's book. But for all that he can prove nothing about the future. And if the history of art, as of society, shows anything, it is that there is always a swing away from any condition that arises; so that we may say at least one thing with certainty about the theatre of the future, and that is, that whatever it is, it is as certain not to be.

But if Mr. Macgowan wishes to predict the probabilities in the theatre of the next fifty years, that is another matter. And yet even here, if an extension in theory is to be made, there must be a close study of our social and political, all our tendencies, in fact, before the conclusions could show any claims to significance, since art and its content out of life are inseparable. To know the future of the American theatre we must know America. But The Theatre of Tomorrow is, happily, not by a long sight always prophetic.

Mr. Macgowan, as he knows very well, attempts a field too large for any one man; but I for one am not in the least sorry that he does. Laudato ingentia rura, exiguum colito, to praise large fields but cultivate small ones was better advice to Virgil's farmers than it is to a writer on our present-day theatre. The whole domain here needs turning over, shaking together, clearing. And The Theatre of Tomorrow progresses through an order of subjects covering the whole domain of the theatre with an astonishing facility of plan and ease of statement. In such an expanse there are omissions, of course, as might be expected. That of music in the coming theatre, is an omission I quarrel with. And what about style, written style? It is plainly one of the most important elements in the art of the theatre. To predict noble prose and say that such will be largely the dramatic medium is scant enough. But it is worse to quote, as Mr. Macgowan does, from Lord Dunsany, "I would I were swimming down the Gishon on the cool side under the fruit trees" and then to add "The word *would* I object to; it is literary archaism. But the rest is, within its simple limits, perfect; no talk of being 'laved by translucent waters, where the pomegranate spreadeth its blossoms.'" No. That is quite wrong. These are simply two kinds of style, neither of them a supreme example of its kind, with two different distances and effects, exactly as we might have two effects in setting. And Mr. Macgowan must choose another approach to the subject of style if he means to carry it further. The least adequate treatment in the entire book is the relation of the actor to the theatre. Mr. Macgowan points out that the actor is being pushed into closer intimacy with his audience on the one hand in the new forms of the smaller theatres, and on the other hand is being forced toward the expression of larger and simpler emotions in the big circus-like theatres that will follow the example of Reinhardt's great house in Berlin. But though these are interesting points, the problem of acting as it stands just now in the development of the theatre remains untouched. When really the fact is that acting in itself is just as much a problem and just as much to be decided by each epoch as the problem of the theatre building, the play, the nature of the dramatic. And what of the audiences for these actors to come?

Mr. Macgowan begins with the twentieth century theatre, Gordon Craig's and Adolphe Appia's pioneer theories of style and atmosphere, through simplification, suggestion and synthesis. He gives a clear outline of the development of the mechanism of the theatre, the electrician, the painter, and the revolutionizing use of light. He discusses the plastic stage arising to take the place of the old painted perspective, and the change that results on that account in the actor's relation to the setting. He traces the coming of the formal stage, which escaped the limitation of the plastic by turning to structural form. There is a chapter on The Eternal Theatre, beautifully written and recorded; a chapter on the relation of the movies to realism; another on the experiments for a playhouse in the future that shall be neither as "absurd as the opera house nor as limiting as the picture frame stage; that is a playhouse not narrowly archaeologic, yet instinct with the live and healthy theatricalism of the Elizabethan stage, the dignity and grandeur of the Greek; a theatre fitted to every exigency of theatrical presentation; a theatre for the future as well as for the past; a theatre for the drama that grows tired of the limitations of realism." There are absorbing discussions of the new forms—a little arbitrary, I am afraid, and full of not too important illustrations of the case—of the gradual breaking down, for instance, that has been going on under our very eyes, the drifting away from the old patterns of Ibsen's time, the abandonment of the three- and four-act restrictions of time and place, and the free use of episodes of varying scenes and arbitrary divisions; as in Nju, or in Tolstoi's The Man Who Was Dead, with their thirteen scenes, or Liliom with its eight. And the final chapters on the new content that will evince so many varying implications of the dramatization of the unconscious mind; on the larger fusion of all the arts into the one art of the theatre; on the part to be played in the theatre by crowds and crowd emotion, folk thoughts, universal and simple thoughts; and on the part to be played by the theatre as an expression of the spirit of democracy whether democracy as a method of government survives or not; these chapters, though they venture on dangerous and visionary and debatable ground, supply exciting motives for conjecture and bold theory.

Nobody could read The Theatre of Tomorrow without at the very least a flood of provocative and suggestive reactions. And in the light of Monsieur Voltaire's remark that all literature is good literature except the tedious, it has to be said that The Theatre of Tomorrow is always entertaining, sometimes exciting. It is an open-minded, shrewd and generous book, facile and keen, provocatively partisan; the most important book on the theatre that we have had in English for two or three years.

STARK YOUNG.

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# History as the Intellectual Adventure of Mankind

*History: Its Theory and Practice, by Benedetto Croce. Authorized translation by Douglas Ainslie. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.75.*

*The Mind in the Making: The Relation of Intelligence to Social Reform, by James Harvey Robinson. New York: Harper Brothers. $2.50.*

THE philosophy of Benedetto Croce, I suppose, is essentially Hegelian—an original restatement of the doctrine that mind (or spirit, as Mr. Ainslie has, perhaps unfortunately, translated the word spirito, is the whole of reality. But the mind with which Croce deals is not the mind which works over the heads of men, but the mind which we all know working within our own heads. Croce tells us there are two chief forms of the mind's activity—the theoretic and the practical, or knowing and willing; and of each of these chief forms, two subordinate forms—the mind knows by intuition and by conceptual thought, it wills the useful and the good. What then becomes of the numerous sciences, natural and social, with which we are so familiar and so oppressed? Are they not methods of knowing reality, even the most certain methods, as we had supposed? Philosophically speaking, the "sciences" are not methods of knowing, but aspects of the practical activity of mind by which it wills the useful. The sciences do not give us reality because they do not deal with reality in its concreteness, but with abstractions from reality, with reality slain as it were, with reality taken apart and reshaped in conformity with general "laws," the purpose of which is not to give us knowledge of reality but to enable us to manipulate it to some useful end. History, in the sense of the past activities of men, may be the subject of a science of this kind too. We may abstract from the dead facts of history their common qualities in order to formulate the "laws" of society. Such a science you may perhaps call sociology, or history if you choose; but this is not at all what Benedetto Croce means by history.

It is difficult to make clear what Croce means by history, so opposed is his meaning to all accepted uses and connotations of the term. The importance which he attaches to it is obviously of the highest, since he makes history identical with philosophy. Both are ways of knowing reality; history being reality known chiefly through intuition, and philosophy being reality known chiefly by conceptual thought. (Logic, p. 324-325.) At all events, history, as Croce uses the term, is not a science; nor is it the series of past events themselves, since these events, apart from the mind that thinks them, are now non-existent; nor is it the record of such events, since this record, apart from the mind which puts meaning into it, is mere lifeless ink and paper. History is none of these; it is just that total reality which the mind at any moment, and at every moment, thinks, and by thinking creates.

If you, dear reader, will confess that this is none too clear, I will. Let us try another tack. If tomorrow morning, upon coming awake, you could not remember anything at all you would be in a sad state. You would not know who you were, or where, or what to do. You would still have a "history" which others could relate; but for you the past would be dead, and with the past dead the present and the future would be dead also, that is to say meaningless. Let us hope this will not be your fate, but that your memory will, as usual, quickly recreate your world of reality by presenting to you those familiar and apparently disconnected images that ordinarily come into the mind: as, for example, "my room—house—furnace in the cellar—ashes—coffee—office—affair of John Doe—Rotary Club lunch—Washington conference—Debs—starving Russians—Bolsheviks," etc. Where does it come from, this world of reality which is so quickly recreated every morning? It comes from yesterday, and from many yesterdays, is composed of that past which the memory opens the door to, and which comes rushing in to set your today in order. At every instant, every time you make a decision or do an act, a new crowd of these images of the past is at your elbow, to urge or to restrain, to persuade or to bully you on your way.

But memory is not infallible; and you have recourse to a memorandum book, remembering only that it contains a note of something to be remembered. At that moment the memorandum book, since you think it, is part of your living history, but the thing to be remembered exists only as dead chronicle in its pages. You consult the book and read: "pay Smith's coal-bill today." At once the memorandum book disappears from your history and is replaced by the image of yourself paying the coal-bill to Smith. This image is now living history. Is it "past" or "present" or "future?" It is all or none. It is "outside of time;" it is reality, or history. Well, all history in this sense is but an extension of your personal history. The libraries are full of memorandum books, rerum italicarum scriptores, dead chronicles of events that are past and non-existent until some mind (why not yours?) rethinks them and makes them come alive as real, that is to say as strictly "contemporaneous" history. These past events, like every personal experience, "have been or will be histories in those that have thought or will think them, and in me too when I have thought or shall think them, re-elaborating them according to my spiritual needs." (History, p. 11.)

The memory is not infallible; nor the memorandum book either. But what matter if my memorandum book gives me an image of myself paying the coal-bill to Smith when it was really Brown I bought the coal of, or if it gives me an image of Petrarch writing the Divine Comedy? This might be a re-elaboration (and with a vengeance!) of those histories according to my spiritual needs. To the layman it seems that there must be a reality outside the mind, or else that error does not exist as reality. I understand Croce to say that error does not exist as reality, and he has a subtle explanation of error as a "negative moment." (Logic, p. 391 ff.) This explanation I have not understood; but I gather that Croce wishes me to keep my memorandum book straight, both in respect to Brown and Petrarch. The practical advantage of this in respect to Brown and his coal-bill is obvious enough; but it is the essence of Croce's theory of history, and of his emphasis on the value of exact historical studies, that all progress in civilization, in knowledge, in the conquest of truth, depends upon the extent to which the mind (the best minds no doubt) recreate imaginatively the real thoughts and activities of other men and other times. Such minds so enriched by the experience of mankind take on, as it were, a universal character. This is progress, and the only road to progress, both for the individual and for society, to rethink, ever more completely, in order to sur-

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pass it, the ever more rich and diversified actual human past.

Professor Robinson's approach to history is sufficiently similar to that of Croce's to make the differences in their treatment and conclusions illuminating. For Robinson, as for Croce, history—progress, civilization, the conquest of truth—is an affair of the mind, and for him too mind is something in process of being made. But for Robinson mind is "an accumulation," and thinking is of several kinds, of which he distinguishes three more or less distinct kinds: first, the reverie or day dream in which spontaneous associations of ideas form and dissolve; second, rationalizing, which consists "in finding arguments for going on believing as we already do;" third, creative thought, the rare procedure of exceptional minds moved by no other purpose than the desire to understand for the sake of understanding. Upon this last kind alone all progress depends.

The chief trouble with us is that "we do not think enough about thinking." We do not distinguish between the different kinds of thought, but take our rationalizing at its face value, unaware that this rationalizing is the method by which the dead hand of the past still holds us in bondage. "There are four historical layers underlying the minds of civilized men—the animal mind, the child mind, the savage mind, and the traditional civilized mind. . . . Should we arrange our present beliefs and opinions on the basis of their age, we should find that some of them were very old, going back to primitive men; others were derived from the Greeks; many more of them would prove to come directly from the Middle Ages." (pp. 55, 81.) In separate chapters Robinson sketches the making of the mind in prehistoric, classical, mediaeval, and modern times. With much dry humor, with comment always interesting and often penetrating, he shows us how archaic most of our so-called thinking is. The garage man takes the broken-down car as he finds it, "and does not allow any mystic respect for the earlier forms of the gas engine to interfere with the needed adjustments" (p. 9); but in respect to human relations, and the social adjustments so imperatively demanded, we still rationalize to our heart's content, endeavoring to find arguments in support of those obsolete and conflicting ideas, beliefs, prejudices which rise up from the animal, classical, or mediaeval levels of the mind. Apart from the scientific field, a very great part of our thinking is thus no more than a surviving and consecrated form of savage taboos and prehistoric animism. In respect to social reform particularly, not only do we not speak with the voice of angels, but we are content to speak with the voice of our ancient and ignorant ancestors: in that medley of voices with which we contrive to make a muddle of existence, the discerning ear may hear the yells of a savage and the babblings of a child intermingled with the dry utterance of Aristotle or the pontifical judgments of mediaeval schoolmen. We have indeed accumulated a great deal of useful knowledge; but we cannot, or do not, make use of it because the mind is itself "an accumulation," a hodge-podge of assorted parts picked up on the journey of history, a frightfully maladjusted instrument for the tasks confronting it.

The remedy is obvious enough, however difficult; we must thoroughly reconstruct the mind. "I have no reforms to recommend, except the liberation of Intelligence." (p. 28.) "What we need first is a change of heart and a chastened mood which will permit an ever increasing number of people to see things as they are, in the light of what they have been and what they might be." (p. 217.) This is surely good counsel—that we should free our minds, and see things as they are in the light of what they have been and may be; and no doubt many of us could act upon this counsel to a greater extent than we do. Having convinced us, or almost so, that no mind "exempt from bodily processes, animal impulses, savage traditions, conventional reactions, ever existed," Robinson blandly commends us to free our minds from those very processes, impulses, traditions. How can the mind free itself from the very conditions that make it what it is? If the mind is "an accumulation," how can it ever be anything else? Can an accumulation throw itself on the scrap pile? This is a difficulty which I do not pretend to solve. Robinson repeatedly recognizes the difficulty; but he would perhaps say that one way to help liberate the mind it to write such a book as he has written, which makes a "show up" of the mind for what it is, and beguiles us into "thinking more about thinking." This it does, and it is well worth doing.

At all events, this seems a different idea of the making of the mind, and of the part which history plays in it, from that which Croce holds. Robinson maintains that the mind, being "an accumulation," drags about with it a heavy freightage of useless baggage which it has retained from the past. Thus the mind is bound to the past; but it is bound only through ignorance, and therefore uselessly bound. Since the newer sciences of mankind have enlightened us on the way the mind works, we can, if we will, throw off this useless baggage. The past would then cease to be a burden, and become rather a valuable store-house out of which we could deliberately choose what we need. But for Croce the mind is the very reverse of "an accumulation." It is an organic, creative activity, which is never encumbered with useless baggage, which at every moment rethinks or forgets the past according to the needs of the moment. There is thus no question of a "liberation of Intelligence," intelligence being a living process which fulfills and perfects itself; and it is so far from being imprisoned in the past, that the past is what it freely nourishes itself upon. The past is thus not a burden to be thrown off, but our most priceless possession, since out of it, and only out of it, can the mind create the present and the future.

No doubt Croce would include Robinson with those whom he says Hegel was always at war with: the "discontented with Life," the "sensitive souls . . . who oppose their own exquisite heart to hard reality," the defenders of a "virtue which is always at strife with the course of the world, which brings stones to birth that it may dash its head against them," the advocates of "the Sollen, the ought to be, which always ought to be and never is," etc. (What is Living and What is Dead of the Philosophy of Hegel, p. 60-61.) But after all I see no warrant in their philosophies to grow so warm with the idealists and sensitive souls who oppose their hearts to hard reality. This "hard reality" is itself an interloper in their philosophical house. Reality, as they define it, is neither hard nor soft, but just that which the mind creates by thought. Well, surely the radical and the discontented have a franchise to think, and by thinking are in their way taking part in creating reality. It may be that Robinson is, after all, not throwing off the past, but only rethinking it. He, too, is, as Croce says, re-elaborating the dead chronicles of the past in accordance with his spiritual needs; and his object is not to "oppose himself to the course of the world,"

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but only to help chart it, to make that reality which he creates by thought enter into and become a part of the course of the world.

But, Croce might say, why talk about reconstructing the mind; the mind is always in process of reconstruction, it is itself that process. Very well, I imagine Robinson saying, I know that the mind is in process of reconstruction, and always has been; all I say is, let us speed it up. But that idea of speeding up the mind, Croce might reply, is an illusion; the mind is not something outside itself that it can act on; the mind cannot poke itself with a stick. He may be right. But let us give Robinson the last word: at least one mind can poke another. Perhaps it can. Who knows? CARL BECKER.

# A Lady with Spine

*Elizabeth Cady Stanton. As Revealed in Her Letters, Diary and Reminiscences. Edited by Theodore Stanton and Harriot Stanton Blatch. Harper and Brothers. $6.00.*

HERE are two formidable volumes; letters, diary and reminiscences of Elizabeth Cady Stanton. For a moment you wonder if there can be anything new or exciting that has not been revealed and revealed again about woman suffrage and its founders. But the most faint-hearted reader is rewarded. Neither ancient history nor propaganda can obscure the irresistible personality that shines through the seven hundred or more pages of the book. You know, somehow, that if Elizabeth Cady Stanton had never thought of woman's rights, she would have discovered something equally adventurous to whet her appetite for action.

One anecdote, among many, is of a young man who used to put up her stoves for the winter. "He told me one day," she wrote, "that he thought of getting married. 'Well,' I said, 'above all things, get a wife with a spine and sound teeth!' Stove pipe in hand, he turned to me with a look of surprise. 'Do they ever come without spines?' "

They do, alas! But not the pioneers. No lady without a back-bone advocated woman suffrage before 1900 or thereabouts. Nor would it have been possible since then, if Elizabeth Cady Stanton had not been blessed with such a firm, straight, defiant spine. Here was a red-blooded woman, a warrior who believed in human freedom hard enough to fight for it with all her heart and soul for more than half a century.

Her crusading began about 1826, when as a little girl she attempted to cut certain pages from her father's law books, believing that if she destroyed the printed pages the wrongs of his women clients would be righted. It continued past her eighty-sixth birthday, when, a gloriously erect old lady with a crown of snow-white hair, she was vigorously contending for everything from pockets and bicycles for women to the ethics of free thought.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was not one of your pious, consecrated reformers. Even if she had a tract on some form of oppression in her pocket there was a merry twinkle in her eye. Perhaps that is why her story is such an engaging combination of anti-slavery and dancing, temperance and the pranks of her babies, joyous adventures with friends and encounters with violent opponents, holding of mobs at bay and dosing the neighbors with homeopathic pills. There was something unquenchably vital about her, a large capacity to live life for all that could go into it from playing a game of chess to bucking a legislature.

Through the record runs another straight-backed figure, her inseparable companion, Susan B. Anthony: "Susan" seemed to be perpetually arriving at the Stanton home, carrying that famous hand-bag always bulging with documents. These cronies never met, we are told, without issuing some sort of a pronunciamento. When the numerous Stanton children were safely in bed, the twain sat far into the night, writing pamphlets and exhortations, plans for legislative campaigns, letters and appeals, contesting inch by inch for the priceless possessions of this generation of women; the right to enter college, to study for a profession, to engage in new industries, own their property and share in citizenship. How they worked! And those heroic journeys by train and wagon and on foot into the backwoods to stir up the people. What if they slept sometimes in rude cabins with mice running over them or sat up in a carriage through the dark, weary hours of night, surrounded by squealing, grunting pigs! They bore it as part of the game and even laughed about it, afterward.

One gathers that there were times when Mrs. Stanton had too much spine, even for her fellow-workers. Most of them favored peaceful, non-resistant step by step measures. When they were afraid of the name Revolution for the suffrage paper, she announced that they might call it the Rosebud if they liked; for her part a revolution in the status of women was exactly what she meant. Again, she showed her caliber by insisting, at a time when respectable people would not consider divorce for any cause, that the question of marriage and divorce was basic in the woman movement. In spite of vituperation, odium, denunciation from friends as well as enemies, she worked persistently for a liberal divorce law. She made her colleagues nervous, too, by demanding that the church cease to be "a terrible engine of oppression, especially for women" and that women be admitted to the ministry and to church offices. In later years, when these her "grave mistakes" were labelled "steps in progress" she reflected "The trouble was not in what I said, but I said it too soon, and before the people were ready to hear it."

It is true, unfortunately, that as we get older we incline to avoid propagandists as the plague. But there was something about Elizabeth Cady Stanton, her vigor, gallantry, humor that makes you suspect that were she here today and handed you pamphlets and tracts to distribute, or bade you canvass from house to house or get up a meeting in Cooper Union, you could not resist her. And when you think of Debs and the Lusk bills, the political prisoners and the loss of free speech, you can't help feeling ashamed of being only a jelly-fish when there was once a lady with such a spine. F. G. W.

## Contributors

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